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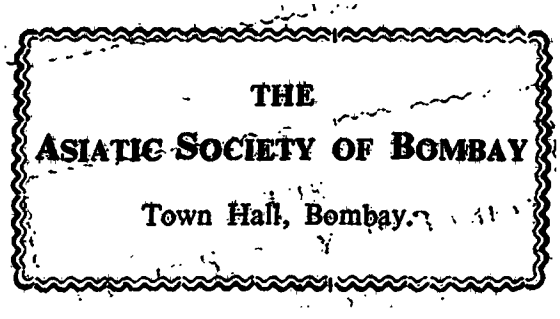

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YOUNG INDIA

A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN FOR THE *PALL MALL GAZETTE*
DURING A POLITICAL TOUR IN INDIA
IN THE WINTER OF 1890–91

BY

W. S. CAINE,

DELEGATE FOR SHOLAPUR TO THE SIXTH INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

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ac.

WITH 64 ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. W. ALLAN, R.W.S., JOHN PEDDER & H. S. DALE

'*The people of India are quite capable of administering their own affairs. . . . The village communities, each of which is a little republic, are the most abiding of Indian institutions. Holding the position we do in India, every view of duty and policy should induce us to leave as much as possible of the business of the country to be done by the people*'—SIR JOHN LAWRENCE, *August* 31, 1864

Rx K·5

'PALL MALL GAZETTE' OFFICE
2 NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
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MR. R. W. ALLAN AND HIS SKETCHING-CART.

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PREFACE.

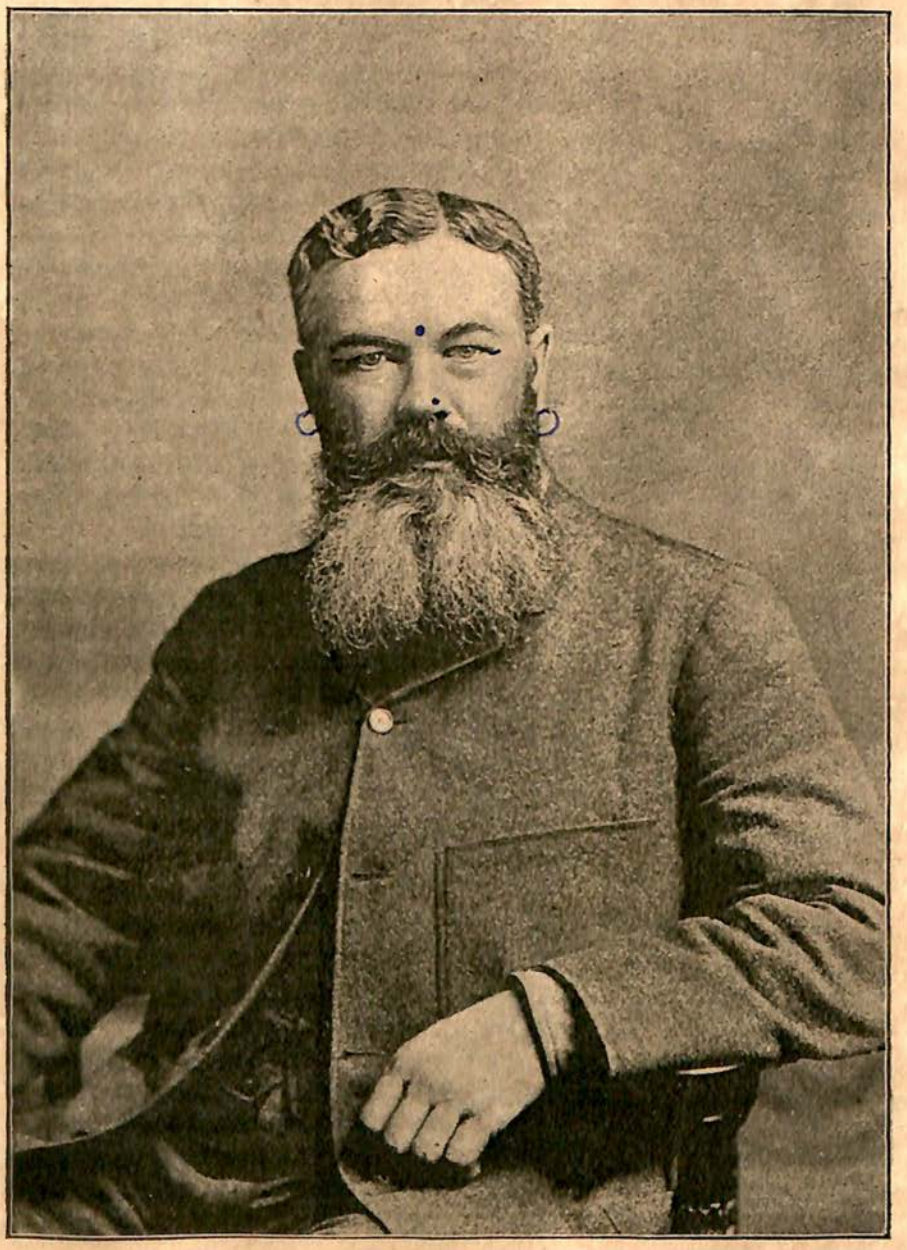
THE main object I have had in view in writing these letters has been to try to interest the political public at home in our great dependency of India, and to induce those who have time and means at their disposal to devote some of their leisure or holiday time to spend a winter there. It will be found on perusal that the greater portion of these letters are taken up in describing or discussing the incidents connected with the Indian National Congress, now the recognised mouth-piece of the political aspirations of Educated India, in which may be included the remarkable development of the Temperance Reformation, which has been so conspicuous a feature of the Congress movement.

MR. R. W. ALLAN.

The illustrations which accompany the letterpress have been mostly drawn by my friend, Mr. Robert W. Allan, R.W.S., a few others having been contributed by the kind permission of Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, Limited, the publishers of my recent book "Picturesque India."

The letters were written for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but they have appeared simultaneously in a considerable number of the leading daily journals of the country.

I have made no alteration or amendments to my letters, preferring to leave them as they came off my pen under the impressions of the moment.



MR. W. S. CAINE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55 Baker Street, W.)

YOUNG INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

A Journey with an Object.—The Rise and Growth of the "P. & O."—Good-bye at Gravesend.—The Leprosy Commission.—A Waterspout.

YOU have been kind enough to ask me to contribute to your columns a few letters on Indian subjects, as the result of my observations during my third visit to our vast Indian Empire, and also to arrange that my travelling companion, Mr. Robt. W. Allan, R.W.S., should add a few illustrations.

As a friend of India, and a warm sympathiser with the aspirations of her cultured people, I look upon the request from so influential a journal as very gratifying evidence of the increasing interest which is being aroused at home in all Indian subjects, and I gladly avail myself of such space as you place at my disposal.

My own object in these repeated visits to India is distinctly political. I am trying to know something of the many social and political problems pressing for solution, and which, in the absence of all representative legislation and administration, can only find expression in the native press, and in the discussions of that remarkable assembly of educated Indians, the Indian National Congress, which meets annually—this year at Calcutta, where I shall be present as a delegate from Sholapur, a populous city in the Deccan. While I hope to amuse your readers with descriptions of many of the incidents of Indian travel, my main object will be to bring home to their minds the fact that, in spite of the horrid memories of the Mutiny, Indian loyalty to Britain and to British over-rule is now beyond all question; that the two countries are now so bound together by ties of self-interest that severance has become impossible, and is nowhere desired; that the right of free speech and a free press, long since conceded, the wide extension of local self-government during recent years, the proved capacity of Indians to occupy the highest administrative and judicial posts, and, above all, the development of higher education, is rapidly fitting large numbers of the Indian people for the enjoyment of a carefully-guarded representative Government, both provincial and imperial. I will also try to show how much, or rather how little, of Western methods of government need be grafted on existing institutions to give India a representative system in accordance with the modest demands of Congress.

With regard to social questions: opium, excise, missions, sanitary reform, factory legislation, and the condition of Indian women, are all subjects upon which deep interest is being felt at home. If I can in any way awaken the attention of men of leisure and travel to a country which presents, more than any other, attractions alike to the politician, the social reformer; the lover of nature and the picturesque, the archæologist, the botanist, the sportsman, the invalid, and the Jingo, I shall be amply rewarded.

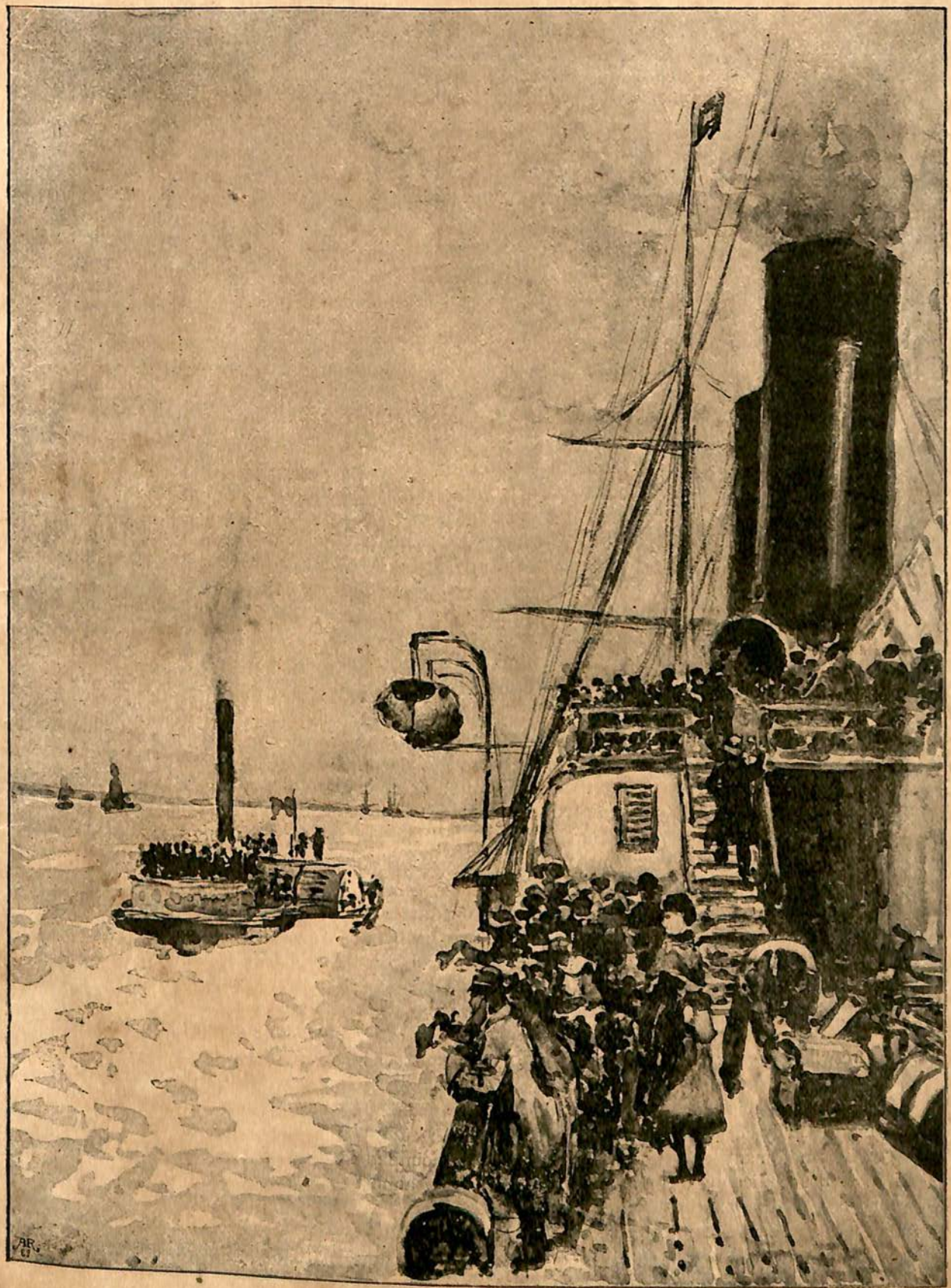
The passenger traffic to India is practically a monopoly of that great shipping company which for so many years has led the van of British commerce, the "P. and O.," which celebrated its jubilee in 1887 by laying down the keels of ten new steamers with an aggregate tonnage of 50,000 tons and 48,000 horse power. A study of the past and

present steam fleet of this famous company is in itself a complete history of naval architecture and the progress of marine engineering from its infancy. The first P. and O. steamer was the *William Fawcett*, an archaic paddle-boat of 206 tons and 60-horse power. In 1847, the tenth year of the company's existence, they launched the *Indus*, a paddle-boat of 1,782 tons; in 1857 the screw was in full operation, and the vessel of the year was the *Nemesis*, 2,018 tons; 1867 saw the *Sumatra*, 2,488 tons; 1877, the *Kaiser-i-Hind*, 4,023 tons; and 1887, the jubilee year of the company, produced the six steamers of which the *Arcadia* is the type, 6,362 tons, 7,000-horse power, 16 knots speed, reducing the distance from London to Bombay to 15 days, as compared with 36 days forty years ago. The fleet of the company in 1845 consisted of 14 ships, with a gross tonnage of 14,423 tons; to-day it consists of 54 ships, 210,000 tons—an apt and exact illustration of the proportionate growth of British trade and commerce with the world during forty years of free trade.

The *Sutlej*, on board of which I have had such a pleasant passage, was built in 1882 at Barrow; she is getting old-fashioned beside the great Atlantic greyhounds, or the recent additions to her own fleet, and there is no need to enter upon any description of her. I like the older ships better than the new; they are like quiet, well-appointed country hotels compared with the Grand Hotel at Brighton in race week. We have 148 passengers, with 224 officers, crew, and stewards to look after them. P. and O. officers put on a good deal of "side," claiming, and with some justification, to be the aristocracy of The Mercantile Marine. Without doubt our commander, Captain Worcester, R.N.R., standing at the head of his gangway in his best uniform, looks every inch the officer and seaman. He is one of the most popular captains in the service, and many of the passengers, Lady Lansdowne included, are on board because they have sailed with him before. He is, however, but a type of the whole service. He was educated for the Navy, at Stubbington House, but entered the Merchant Service in 1866 as a midshipman in the training-ship of the Peninsular and Oriental—a splendid school of seamanship which the company have, in my opinion, foolishly given up. He got his first command in 1884, at thirty-three years of age, and in 1885 joined the Royal Naval Reserve. He served on board the flagship in the recent autumn manœuvres. He enjoys the almost unique distinction of never having received a single complaint from his passengers since he got his command. His ship was selected to take out Lord Lansdowne and his suite when he became Viceroy, of India. I sometimes think it would be well if the Indian Government would in some appropriate way recognise the services of leading Peninsular and Oriental captains. They are made responsible for the regular delivery of mails, they bring out Royalty, Viceroys, and Governors, soldiers and Civil servants, and are surely as deserving of C.I.E. as the managing director of an Indian brewery, whose only services to the Empire consists in the production of Tommy Atkins's beer. But I must come back to the *Sutlej*.

CAPTAIN WORCESTER.

There are few sadder sights than the departure of a great Indian mail steamer from Gravesend. It emphasizes like nothing else the terrible strain on the family life of the Anglo-Indian. As the tug sways from the side of the noble *Sutlej* the last link is snapped for



"GOOD-BYE TO OLD ENGLAND:" THE STEAMER GOING DOWN THE THAMES.

years between tender mothers and tiny children, left sad and desolate to the care of strangers; between husbands going back to their daily grind in India, and wives whose health has broken down and who are left in England to recover or die. Brave lads, full of hope and energy, from Balliol, Cooper's Hill, or Sandhurst, wave handkerchiefs damp with manly tears; and missionaries sing quavering hymns to parting friends whom they look to meet "beyond the river."

As we drop down the grey Thames we are a teary and a melancholy company; but next day, a bright sky, smooth sea, and fresh up-Channel breeze, bring a better view of life to us all, and we settle down to make the best of a voyage that to many of us will last nearly a month.

One group attracts my attention at once. Three bright young men have been sitting together for hours, absorbed in each other and their tobacco, regardless of everything and everybody. They meet for the first time on board the *Sutlej*, but will not part for nearly two years. They are Dr. Beaven Rake, Dr. George Alfred Buckmaster, and Mr. A. A. Kanthack, the members of the Leprosy Commission to India. This Commission is the outcome of a meeting held in London some twelve months ago at Marlborough House, called together by the Prince of Wales to consider what measures should be adopted to perpetuate the memory of Father Damien, who died of this fell and loathsome disease while acting as priest to the Leper Colony at Molokai. This horrible and fatal malady is very widely distributed over India, China, and the greater part of Asia, Africa, South America, and the West Indies. Europe is comparatively free from its influence, except a few scattered localities in Norway, Spain, Greece, and Turkey.

DR. BEAVEN RAKE.

The Government of India, which for a long time past has been anxious about the spread of leprosy, responding to the action of the Committee of the National Leprosy Fund, has appointed two distinguished medical officers—Surgeons-Major A. Barclay and S. J. Thomson—to act with the English members, and the inquiry will be thorough and searching extending over all next year.

At present the communicability of leprosy from man to man is undecided, though since the discovery of a living organism (the leprosy bacillus) as a constant feature in the disease many Indian authorities who formerly held it to be non-contagious now hold the contrary opinion. The Commission will, of course, have to consider and report on this all-important question of contagion, as well as discuss the influence of diet, soil, race, and habits on the disease. I am sorry to find that no specific instruction has been given to inquire whether or no the high price and consequent diminished use of salt in India may not be a distinctly contributive cause to the recent alarming increase of the disease. The question of possible remedies ought also to be considered. I believe that none of those now in use are really effective.

It is not many centuries ago since leprosy abounded in Europe and Britain. King Robert Bruce died of this disease. As it has now almost disappeared from Europe, the work of the Commission, though intricate and difficult, is very hopeful, and they may be able to suggest schemes for eradicating leprosy in India. It is certainly quite time some

action were taken, for the increase of the disease during the last ten years has been over 30,000 cases, and there are now 250,000 known lepers, or no less than 1 per 1,000 of the entire population of India.

Certainly, the inquiry could not be in better hands. Dr. Beaven Rake is one of the greatest living authorities on leprosy. He has given many years to the study of the disease. He has made special investigations in Norway and Spain, where leprosy still lingers as a remnant of what once overspread Europe, and has special experience as medical superintendent of the Leper Asylum at Trinidad, where he is Government medical officer. His scientific work as a student is still remembered at Guy's Hospital, Vienna, and Berlin.

DR. G. A. BUCKMASTER.

Dr. G. A. Buckmaster had a most distinguished scientific career at Oxford, where he took the Radcliffe Fellowship from Magdalen College.

He is now lecturer on Physiology at St. George's Hospital. He is specially fitted for this Commission from having been one of the most successful pupils of Dr. Koch at Berlin, the famous discoverer of the cause of consumption, whose brilliant researches seem likely to lead to the final eradication of the disease. Dr. Buckmaster has also devoted great attention to the subject of hygiene, both in theory and practice.

Mr. A. A. Kanthack enjoys the distinction of having been unanimously selected by the Royal College of Surgeons for service on this Commission. He is the son of a well-known Liverpool merchant in the Brazil trade, and as a Liverpool man myself I take pride in him as a distinguished student of our new college, where he carried everything before him in the medical schools. He continued his studies in Berlin with Professor Virchow and Dr. Koch, who have marked him as a man of unusual ability.

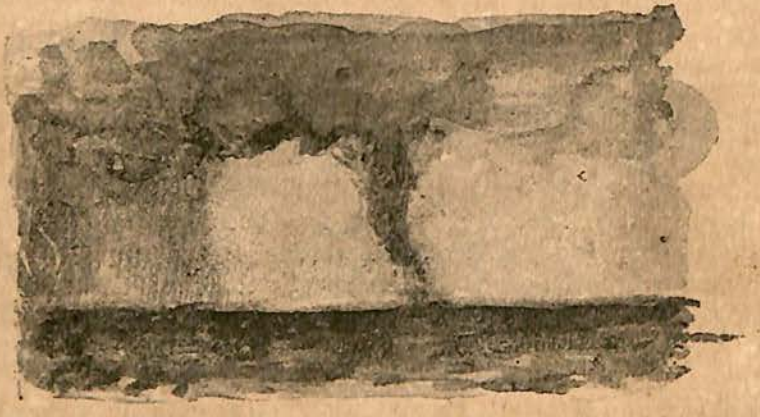
MR. A. A. KANTHACK.

The three men are all young, being between thirty and thirty-five years of age. Their selection has been careful and with much forethought. I have associated a good deal with them during the voyage, and have been greatly impressed with their keen, shrewd common sense, and their absence of bias or preconceived ideas about the important work they are to undertake. It is safe to predict that such a Commission, becoming thoroughly and practically acquainted with leprosy in all its loathsome aspects, can only result in the alleviation, if not the destruction of the most dreadful ill that flesh is heir to.

Two of our second class passengers mark a new departure in missionary enterprise ; clever young fellows of twenty-two or twenty-three years, who are being sent out as lay missionaries, at a salary of £60 a year, by the Church Missionary Society—a striking illustration of the manner in which the example and methods of the Salvation Army are influencing the Church at large. I have observed that General Booth's new book is the most popular with passengers, and the few copies on board are eagerly borrowed.

Our voyage as far as Brindisi has been fine and uneventful—concerts, dances, tableaux vivants, and such like amusements by night; cricket, bull, quoits, by day, passing the time pleasantly. Leaving Brindisi, the morning broke in wind and rain. My friend R. W. Allan and I were aroused from peaceful sleep by Captain Worcester crying, "Now then, you *Pall Mall* fellows, here's a job for you!" and we tumbled out to see the rare sight of a waterspout, about a quarter of a mile from the ship, which Mr. Allan "got" with a few turns of a wet brush.

The weather grew worse as the day progressed, and the gaps at the dinner-table were wide and deep. About eight o'clock we witnessed a still rarer phenomenon than a water-



A WATERSPOUT.

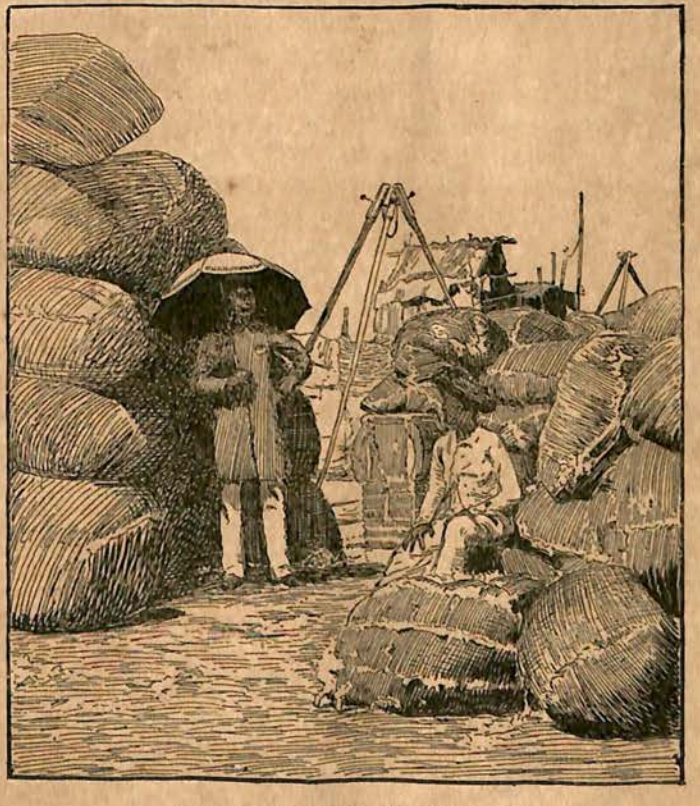
spout, corposants, as the sailors call them, or St. Elmo's fires, appearing at the mast-heads and on the ends of the yard-arms. They remained with us about half an hour, and were then extinguished by a storm of rain so black and dark that the ship was reduced to half-speed. This was followed by a brilliant burst of lightning, showing the whole circle of the horizon, and as pretty a thunderstorm as heart could wish. Next morning all was calm and bright, and from Candia to Bombay the sea has been smooth and the voyage delightful. Now the low line of Bombay Island, and the serrated Ghats behind, are in sight, and presently I shall set my foot on Indian soil for the third, but I hope not the last time, and I must bring this letter to a close.

On board s.s. "Sutlej," Nov. 17, 1890.

CHAPTER II.

The Cotton question in India.—The Indian Millowner's advantages.—The Indian "Labour Commission."

IN Bombay, as in Lancashire, "Cotton is King." The boats plying in the harbour, the wharves of the splendid docks, the picturesque bullock-carts that throng the streets, are all "cotton." After New Orleans, Bombay is the greatest cotton port in the world; four million cwts. are shipped abroad every year, and two millions more are spun and woven in the eighty-two mills of the Bombay Presidency—the value of all this cotton is about twelve millions sterling. The old Cotton Green, a vast space devoted to dealers in the raw material, is one



A CORNER OF THE COTTON GREEN.

of the show places of the city, and forms a striking picture of busy native life. The development of cotton manufactures in India during recent years has been of vital importance to the teeming populations of many overcrowded agricultural districts, whose surplus finds profitable employment before the 20,000 looms and the 2½ million spindles of ninety-seven mills, employing 80,000 hands, with a capital of ten million sterling, paying excellent dividends, few earning less than 6 per cent. Twenty years ago there were only 400,000 spindles in all India.

Millowners are firmly convinced that it is only a question of very few years before Manchester will be cut out of the India and China markets. So far as regards coarse numbers, the Bombay spinners of cotton yarns have virtually driven Lancashire clean out of India, Japan, and China. Efforts are constantly being made to produce finer numbers, and every year shows fresh encroachments on Lancashire. During the five years 1880–84 the total exports of twist and yarn from India were valued at £7,800,000; during the following five years, 1885-89, they mounted to a total of £18,230,000, or an increase of about 230 per cent. There has also been a substantial increase in manufactured cotton goods over the same periods, from £9,700,000 to £12,440,000. An examination of the imports into India shows a marked contrast. Over the same periods, cotton twist and yarns only increased 5 per cent., from £16,500,000 to £17,180,000; manufactured goods, from 104 millions to 120 millions. The Indian millowners have, therefore, raised their exports of yarn and twist to a higher figure than the entire imports, and have practically closed the ports of India to all coarse numbers from Lancashire.

A MUSSULMAN MILL GIRL.

Bombay cotton men have never forgiven Lancashire the removal of the 5 per cent. import duty, though it has not, in my judgment, delayed their progress a single day. They also ascribe to Lancashire jealousy the proposals which the Indian Government are now making with regard to amendment of the Factory Acts, though the better informed millowners are quite ready and willing to accept the impending changes.

As this is a subject which is rightly exciting much attention at home, especially among the textile workpeople of Lancashire and Yorkshire and trade unionists generally, I have taken some pains during my stay in Bombay to inquire into the condition of the mill hands and the need for improved factory legislation.

The advantages possessed by Indian millowners are three-fold: Cheaper labour, longer hours, cheap raw material. Their disadvantages are costly fuel, costly machinery, and inferior skill in the workpeople.

I have visited some of the leading mills with a view to ascertaining for myself what is the actual condition of the workpeople. The Swadeshi Mill, managed by the Parsi firm of J. A. Tata and Son, is one of the finest in India. The weaving-room is 390 feet by 150, the sizing-room 100 by 150, the card-room 315 by 300, and the mule-room 890 feet long by 80 wide. There are 800 looms, 15,000 ring spindles, 20,000 mules, and 20,000 throstles. The mill would probably cost about £250,000 to erect. The average pay of the whole of the hands, old and young, is about 11 rupees per month=22 shillings, Reelers get 8 rupees, spinners 10, carders 10, weavers 15 rupees monthly. Doffers, generally children from 9 to 12 years, earn 5 rupees. The working hours are from sunrise to sunset, with half an hour's rest in the middle of the day. Taking the year round, this will average about 11½ hours during which the engine works. There are two days in each month when the mill is closed, as well as on certain Hindu holidays, making about thirty "Sundays" in the year. These hours of labour will appear very terrible to an English workman, but they are not so bad as they look. Hindu workmen have an easy

happy-go-lucky way with them, and every mill keeps on hand a number of "substitutes" who are generally not very steady workpeople, content to work at odd times as "substitutes" for regular hands who want a holiday. The average daily proportion of substitutes at the Swadeshi Mills is 15 per cent., which means that the regular hands absent themselves about one day in every seven, besides the thirty regular holidays, which appears to justify the statement made to me by the manager, Mr. Jeffreys, that on the average the hands did not work more than 300 days in the year. The hours of labour are also loosely kept. The men leave off work three or four times a day, at odd times, to eat their food, or to go out of the mill for a five minutes' smoke. Meals are brought in and eaten in working hours; women go home for short spells to suckle babies, and operations generally are conducted in a sloppy, free-and-easy fashion that would make a Lancashire or a Yorkshire foreman's hair stand on end. A Bombay mill employs just 250 persons to every 100 that would be employed in a Lancashire mill the same size.

The Governor-General in Council, in response to pressure from England, proposes to introduce a Bill in the forthcoming session of the Legislative Council, limiting the hours of work for women to eleven, and securing a greater number of holidays per month to all. He has, however, very wisely appointed a Commission of Inquiry, which is now on tour, to ascertain the views and requirements of the Indian operatives themselves as to the restrictions to be imposed upon their labour in factories. The Commission consists of able and suitable men; but the millowners are not represented, while the artizans have a carefully selected representative for each province. It would have been better if both employers and employed could have been specially represented. The points upon which the Commission is to report are—(1) the limitation of hours of work for women; (2) should the law draw a distinction between young persons and adults? (3) is the present limitation of the hours of children to nine per day proper and sufficient? (4) the question of increased number of holidays; (5) the fixing of a general working day of limited hours; (6) ought there to be any compulsory stoppages of work at fixed times during the day?

I have studied the evidence given before this Commission, and gather that there will not be much difficulty in a Report that will be accepted alike by both millowner and mill hand.* The points of agreement appear to be that the working day for men should not be curtailed in length, but that three stoppages of half an hour each should take the place of the loose occasional rests; that women should work eleven hours with rests; that a Sunday should be established by law, and that the English Sunday should be the day chosen, as is the rule in Government employ; that wages for the previous month shall be paid for the first week in the month, instead of the last week, as at present, which results in debt and thriftlessness, and that children be worked in shifts of six hours, instead of nine hours as at present, with elementary schools within the mill walls.

There is undoubtedly great reluctance on the part of the workpeople to consent to a fixed working-day—the wages in cotton mills are so good, and the work so constant and regular, that thrifty men, especially if they have two or three wives working with them in the mill, can save nearly two-thirds of their wages. The aim of every mill hand is to save as quickly as possible enough rupees to buy a piece of land and settle upon it for the rest of his life. They are not town-bred men at all, but come out of the country, from the Ratnagherry district, or the Deccan, preserving their distinctive dress. They think that if their working hours were greatly restricted their earnings would be curtailed.

* Since going to press this forecast has become an accomplished fact.

What they want is ten or fifteen years' untiring work, with a long haven of rest at the end. Many of the witnesses even opposed compulsory days of rest.

It appears probable that the new law will not interfere with working hours, though I am convinced it would be better, both for the output and for the workpeople themselves, if the law fixed a working day of twelve hours in summer and eleven in winter, with two or even three half-hour rests. As things are at present, under the loose management and irregular attendance which prevail in most mills, less work on the average is turned out of Indian factories, with the engines running 3,600 hours per year, than out of Lancashire factories of equal capacity in 2,850 hours per year, and with five Indian hands at work instead of two Lancashire hands.

A DECCAN MILL HAND.

There is no doubt that the whole Indian cotton trade will be the better for some "tightening up" of their methods of working their mills, and that it can only be secured by legislation. There is no approach in India to anything like trade unionism, though in Bombay there is a Bombay Mill Hands Association, at all events of sufficient importance to secure the placing of its secretary, Mr. Narayan M. Lokhanday, on the Factory Commission. It is therefore impossible to secure the universal application of these much needed reforms apart from legislative action.

The Bombay millowners complain very bitterly of the way in which the Government have, during recent years, stimulated the liquor trade among mill hands. Mr. Tata, the managing owner of the Swadeshi Mills, in engaging his English foremen, stipulates that they shall be total abstainers, so that their influence might be felt by his hands. He also subscribes handsomely to the Salvation Army, whose missionaries preach temperance in his villages. Mr. Jeffreys, his spinning manager, is a staunch abstainer, and takes great pride in the fact that the five hundred men and boys in his department never set foot in a liquor shop. He begged me to visit the four spirit shops licensed in the immediate neighbourhood of the mill, and I did so. The managers were very civil and obliging, and gave me some information as to their receipts. They average about 150 rupees daily on ordinary work days; on holidays their receipts run up to 600 rupees. They sell nothing but spirits manufactured at the distillery of the Bombay Government. These are sold in two strengths—25 and 60 under proof; the 25, about as strong as London gin, but even more deleterious, is sold for nine annas, equal to tenpence, per quart bottle, and retailed at about a penny for a teacupful. The amount that may be sold to any customer is practically unrestricted, and every manager admitted that their customers invariably got drunk on the premises. The consumption of ardent spirits in and round Bombay is greatly stimulated by the stupid policy pursued by the Government towards toddy, the nourishing sap of the palm tree, which from time immemorial has been the beverage of the Indian people all round the coast. This juice, when taken fresh from the tree, is wholesome and invigorating food; when fermented, it is the weakest of all known intoxicants, being only about half the strength of malt liquors. The Government tax

every palm tree ten to twelve rupees a year if toddy is drawn from it. The consequence is that either the trees are taken up by liquor farmers, who distil the spirit, or they stand untapped. The Bhandaris, or toddy-tappers, have been ruined, and the poor people, who formerly were content with the more wholesome toddy, unfermented by choice, are now driven to spirit-drinking. In the village where Mr. Tata's mill hands live there were twenty years ago more than a score of men who lived by toddy-tapping. All these men have lost their livelihood, while the consumption of ardent spirits has been increased fourfold in consequence. To those who know the difficulty in India of securing any fresh employment for a ruined craft, the case of these poor toddy-tappers is a very hard one indeed. The policy of the Bombay Government with regard to drink being based upon revenue considerations alone, to the exclusion of all moral considerations, makes it practically hopeless to expect any reform. Memorials and petitions without end have been drawn up praying for some abatement of these harsh restrictions upon toddy, but without avail. The poor farmer or labourer who twenty or thirty years ago drank fresh unfermented toddy with his breakfast, drawn overnight from his own cocoa-nut palms, must now pay a tax of ten rupees for every tree, because it is possible to ferment toddy. This tax is as oppressive and exasperating as a tax on apple trees in England because it is possible to make cider from their fruit.

UMBRELLA TREE AND GRANITE BOULDER, DECCAN

CHAPTER III.

A Temperance Conference.—How the Congress Delegates are elected.—"Young India" at the Universities.—The Drink question in Haidarabad.—A visit to a Sacred City.

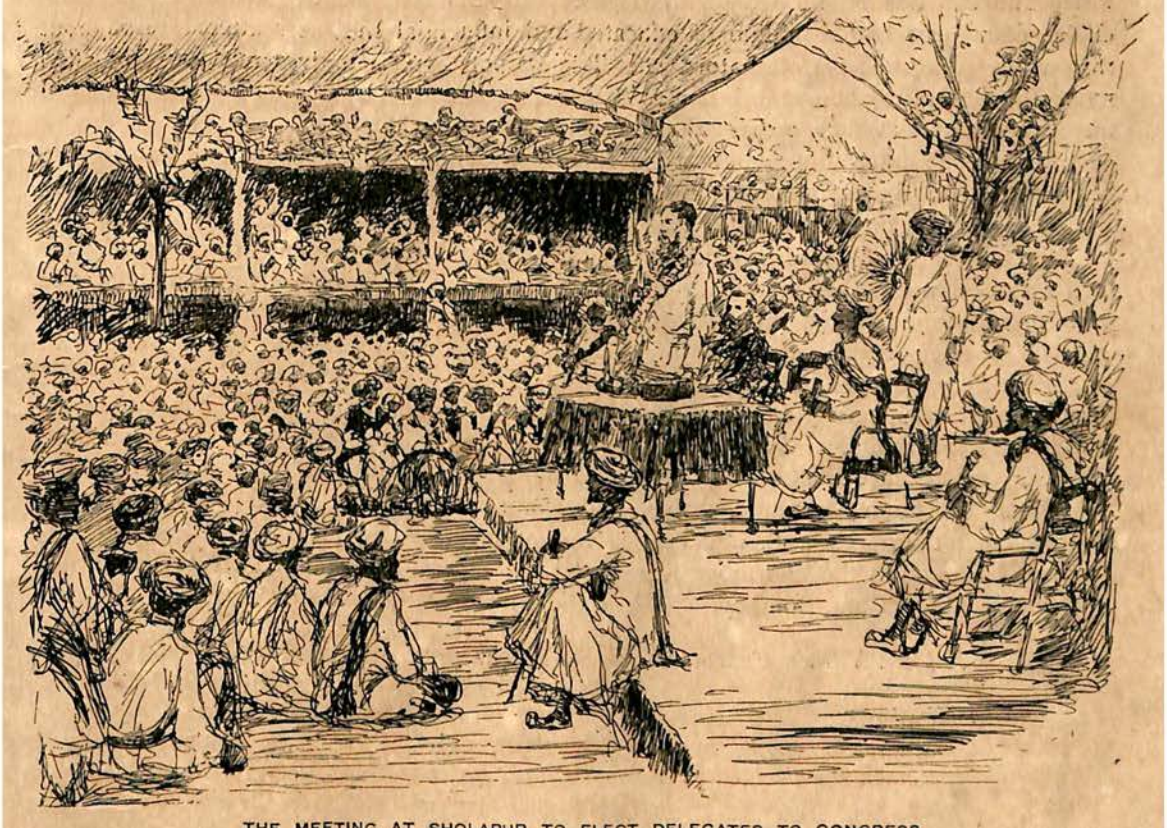
SINCE I last addressed you I have crossed the Deccan into Southern India. On November 21 I arrived at Sholapur, to visit the thriving branch of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association, established there two years ago by Mr. P. L. Nagpurkar, a High Court Vakil. I arrived at 9 A.M., and proceeded at once from the station to the hall where the Temperance Society had met, seven or eight hundred being present, including almost every influential resident of the city. After the meeting I had a conference with eight representative public men, who expressed a strong and decided opinion that drinking and drunkenness is steadily on the increase in the Deccan, and among all classes alike. They were unanimous in ascribing this to the increasing facilities for obtaining drink, which the Government had stimulated during recent years, and that some wise measure of local option ought to be granted by the Government. They were certain that if a popular veto existed in India, Sholapur would exercise it by a majority of nine to one on a vote of the heads of families. In the portentous despatch of the Government of India on their excise policy, elicited by the censure of the House of Commons of April 30, 1889, four general principles were laid down for the guidance of local authorities in the administration of the liquor laws. No. 3 declares that the number of liquor shops should be strictly limited with regard to the circumstances of each locality. No. 4 lays down the rule that efforts should be made to ascertain the existence of local public sentiment, to which a reasonable amount of deference should be paid. If these were carried out with any reasonable consistency not a liquor shop need be opened or kept open, for I am quite sure that neither in Sholapur nor any district in British India could a tenth of the heads of families be induced to express any wish in favour of drinking facilities.

I was glad to find that the District Congress Committee had taken advantage of my visit to call the public meeting at which their delegates were to be elected to the sixth Indian National Congress meeting at Calcutta, December 26. It is a frequent charge brought by Anglo-Indians against these district committees that the election of delegates is a hole-and-corner business, somewhat similar to what prevailed in vestry elections in London not so long ago—that a few busybodies go through the farce of electing half a dozen of their own number who might happen to be willing to attend. I am glad to have the opportunity of describing one out of many elections of Congress delegates which I have attended in my various visits to India, and can assure your readers it is fairly representative of them all.

The meeting was convened by handbill, town crier, and other methods peculiar to India, and was free to every male inhabitant. The great bazaar of the city, an open space in a wide street, about the size of Waterloo place, was carpeted over, covered in with brightly-coloured awnings, and a spacious platform erected at the end, on which were seated the members of the local Congress Committee. The vast area was filled with Indians, seated cross-legged on the ground, a sea of brilliant and vari-coloured turbans; the surrounding houses, windows, and roofs were crowded with spectators, large numbers

of whom were women, the copings festooned with flowers and gay drapery; the whole scene bathed in the soft warm light of the Deccan afterglow, mingled with countless lamps. I estimated the numbers present at over 6,000.

At 5.30 the Chairman of the Sholapur Congress Committee made a brief speech, explaining that the Central Committee, in consequence of the difficulty of accommodating the enormous number of representatives sent to Bombay last year, had limited the Congress in future to 1,000 representatives, allotted by population to certain centres, and that Sholapur's share was four. A leading citizen then moved the names which had been selected by committee for the forthcoming Congress, of whom I was one, and called for any amendment. None being forthcoming, we were all duly elected, and I am now in



THE MEETING AT SHOLAPUR TO ELECT DELEGATES TO CONGRESS.

the proud position of senior member for Sholapur in the sixth Indian National Congress. Then followed the charming ceremony without which no public function in India is complete. A large tray containing huge garlands of flowers was produced, and the chairman placed one round the neck of each elected delegate, smaller ones on their wrists, and a sceptre of flowers for the hand. I was also presented with an illuminated address, in a handsome case of gold brocade, enclosed in a finely-carved sandal-wood and ivory box; rose-water was sprinkled on us all, and *pan* (betel leaf and areca nut) handed round. Many speeches were delivered, the whole proceedings being conducted in English. As the evening light faded out of the sky torches were lighted, and the proceedings were brought to a close with a display of fireworks. The delegates were then escorted round

the city by a torchlight procession. The audience was not composed of the people of Sholapur only. There were some scores of those on and near the platform who represented local Congress committees within the Sholapur circle, many of whom had travelled fifty or sixty miles by road to be present.

This week I attended the election of delegates for the Coimbatore Circle, in the Madras Presidency, and presided over a similar meeting last night at Trichinopoly. Upwards of 2,000 persons formed the audiences at each place, all of whom thoroughly understood English, in which language alone the proceedings were conducted Two years ago I saw similar gatherings at Agra, Lucknow, and other circles in Northern India, and I have no doubt that the thousand delegates from the two hundred circles into which India is divided for Congress purposes will represent the deliberate and personal choice of at least half a million of educated and influential Indians scattered throughout this vast empire. The Coimbatore and Trichinopoly representatives must travel 4,800 miles, the Sholapur 3,600, and I reckon that the thousand delegates outside Calcutta will travel each, on an average, 2,000 miles to be present at the Congress.

No one can move about amongst the English-speaking natives of India, as I am doing just now, without being deeply impressed with their intense earnestness with regard to the Indian National Congress. They look upon it not merely as a deliberative assembly in which intelligent and cultured Indians may discuss and resolve upon questions affecting their common weal; they view it as the birthplace of representative government and free western institutions, which they have been taught to value by the education they have received in their Anglo-vernacular high schools and colleges. They are familiar with English history, political economy, and English classics. Mill, Fawcett, Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, and John Morley are household words with them. Their people's associations foster political thought and aspirations, their youth crowd into the universities and colleges, and have their literary clubs and debating societies in every city. The thirst for higher education is unquenchable, and the sacrifice made by thousands of poor families to get their sons a B.A. degree is very pathetic. The measure of their earnestness may be found in the enormous increase in the entries in the three great Universities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Look at the growth of the last ten years :—

ONE YEAR'S CANDIDATES FOR ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITY.

	1879-80.	1889-90.
Calcutta	1,906	4,802
Madras	3,300	7,327
Bombay	1,003	8,478
Total	6,209	15,607

I have not the figures by me for the newer universities of Allahabad and Lahore, but I have no doubt that during the next ten years the colleges and high schools of India will send at least 300,000 young students into the examination classes for university matriculation, every soul of them filled with ardent political aspirations, based upon the teaching of such writers as I have already quoted. In some future letter I will give you the contents of half a dozen native bookshops, to let your readers know the sort of literature these young fellows buy. There is, alas! plenty of carrion sold, but I believe that most of them prefer wholesome and digestible meat.

Does the Government of India really believe they can go on turning out this increasing mass of educated youth, and continue to refuse them all share in the law-making and

administration of their own country? If we had intended to keep India subject and servile, we should have kept her sons in Oriental ignorance, and not have stimulated them by a Western education, to the inevitable demand of Western democratic institutions.

From Sholapur I went to Haidarabad, the capital of the Nizam's territory, where we were the guests of Nawab Mehdi Hassan, the Home Secretary, who is well-known in English political circles, having spent six months in England in 1888. The Nizam is not only the chief native Prince in India, but, after the Empress of India and the Sultan of Turkey, he is the most important Mussulman potentate in the world. He maintains a standing army of 15,000, besides a vast number, nearly 30,000 irregular troops, the remnants and descendants of fierce Arabs, Moors, Turks, Afghans, Bokhariots, Beluchis, and others, who formed the mercenary forces of his predecessors. These irregulars swarm in the streets of the city, each man armed with an ancient matchlock, plated with bands of silver, and his sash stuck round with a perfect armoury of flint pistols, daggers, and swords. These picturesque swashbucklers are quite worthless, either as soldiers or anything else—the British Government will not permit them to be armed with modern weapons, aud the Nizam's Government dare not disband them, as they have no trade, and would probably become robbers and dacoits. I am surprised to find that there are compara-

TOMBS OF THE KINGS, GOLCONDA.

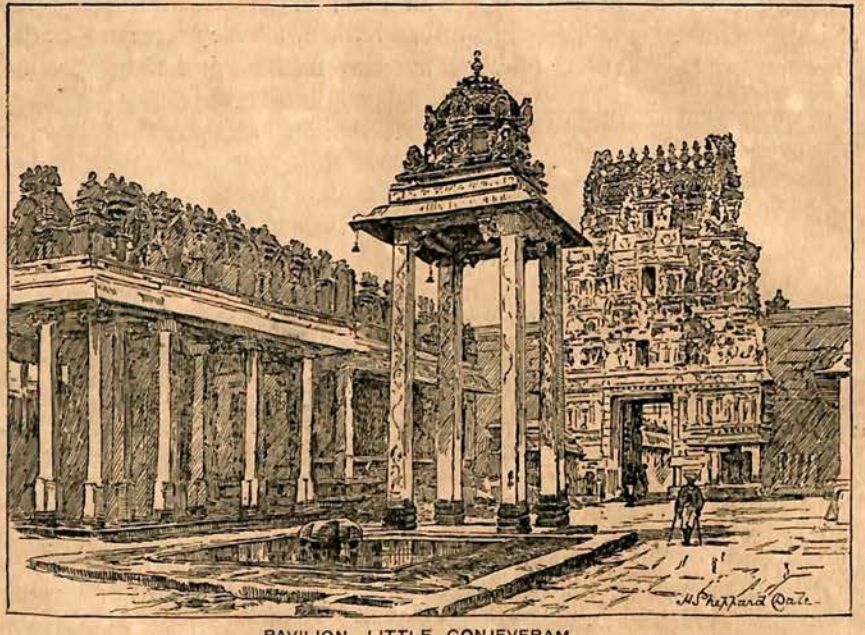
tively so few crimes of violence among this armed and undisciplined body of men, but there are more than exist in any district in British India; the cases of murder, attempted murder, culpable homicide, and grievous hurt, are relatively three times more numerous in Haidarabad than in the assigned provinces of Berar, and four times as many as in Bengal.

Haidarabad city consists of four long wide streets, leading crosswise from the famous Char Minar, built three hundred years ago, and now used as a mighty convenient central police station. The building stands on four great arches, each facing one of the streets, and its precincts are the most densely thronged quarter of the city. My travelling companion, Mr. Allan, was so charmed with the "subjects" he found everywhere in the streets of this fine city that he has remained behind for a week's painting, joining me to-night here.

The crowds in the streets, the quaint shops and bazaars, the procession of nobles with their armed retainers, the gay drive along the Bund to the cantonment at Secunderabad, the curious mounds of huge granite boulders, the pretty lakes with their tomb and kiosk-crowned hills, the ruins of Golconda, the tombs of the old kings, the princely and lavish hospitality of the Haidarabadis, with the delightful climate, make Haidarabad one of the

pleasantest winter residences in the world, and I do not wonder at its universal popularity among Anglo-Indians as a holiday resort.

Haidarabad is a city of faction and intrigue ; but these matters had no concern for me. There is, however, quite a "faction" in the upper circles of society about intoxicating liquors, which are being used with dangerous freedom by the nobles in their entertainments combined with much secret drinking. Nawab Mehdi Ali, the political and financial secretary, the most influential Conservative in Haidarabad, is a "bigoted teetotaler," and leads the opposition to attempted innovation by the drinking party with regard to court hospitality, which he rightly views as full of danger. Not long since it was proposed at a meeting of the Nizam's Club, the chief social club of the place, where a rule exists absolutely forbidding the presence of intoxicating liquor, that exception should be made when Englishmen were the guests of the club ; but through Mehdi Ali's influence the proposer failed even to get a seconder. I was entertained by this club, the invitation being accompanied by the request



PAVILION, LITTLE CONJEVERAM.

that I would give an address on the progress of the temperance movement in England and India, after dinner. Although there is undoubtedly a good deal of hard drinking among the rich, it is not much on the increase among the poor. The revenue from drink over the whole State is practically stationary. Here it is for the last five years available :—

£348,000	444,000	348,000	356,000	357,000
1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.

It is, however, intended to assimilate their system to that of Bombay, in which case no doubt the consumption will double itself by 1900.

On Saturday I went with a Brahman friend to visit Conjeveram, one of the three most sacred cities in India, where there are two of the most notable of the great Dravidian temples built by the Vijayanagar kings in the early years of the sixteenth century. I was received with full temple honours. Three or four of the temple trustees met me at the station, and after partaking of a Hindu breakfast of vegetables and sweets, which, of course,

I had to eat alone, we drove to the temple. We were met at the gate by the priest in charge, the sacred elephant, which is attached to all South Indian temples, a drummer on a piebald horse, a band of silver flutes and tom-toms, and the god Siva himself—a noble spectacle in silver, seated on a silver shrine, borne aloft by twenty stalwart acolytes. My friends and I were then decorated with the usual flower garlands, and solemnly marched round the temple. I was not admitted to the house of the god himself, as I should have profaned it, but the head priest brought out and spread upon the steps the regalia of the god, of massive gold encrusted with superb precious stones, the gifts of pious Hindus, over a period of 300 years. There were many beautiful specimens of old Indian jewellery, never to be seen except at these temples. It is valued at £40,000.

A TEMPLE ASCETIC.

CHAPTER IV.

A day's political touring in India.—"Young India" and the Caste system.—The Congress Brahman.

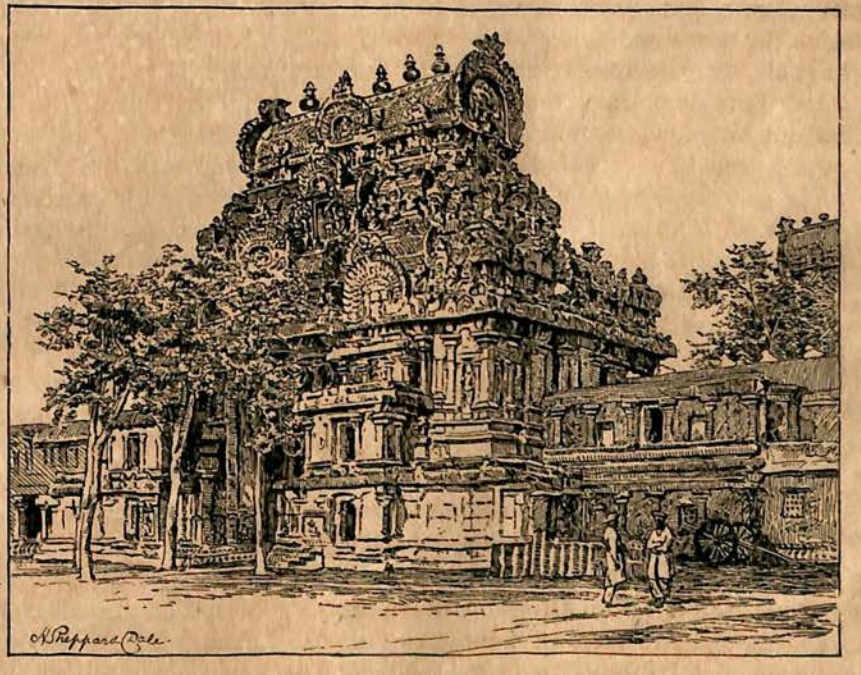
DURING the last month or two the newspapers both at home and in India who make it their business to take up a hostile position to the Congress movement have been saying that the movement is getting languid, that funds are falling off, and that the sixth Indian National Congress will probably be the last. For some reason I cannot explain they have insisted that the Madras Presidency furnishes the most ample proof of this. I wish they had been travelling with me through the Madras Presidency for the last fortnight, and seen the magnificent meetings which have been held at Bellary, Cuddapah, Conjeveram, Salem, Coimbatore, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Madura, and Kumbaconam, towns of from 30,000 to 100,000 population, to elect delegates to go to Calcutta. It is expected that from 100 to 150 persons will go, at their own cost, from the Madras Presidency, as elected representatives to the Calcutta Congress.

These various cities have vied with one another to give me such a welcome as shall, at any rate, dispel any illusion in my mind as to the lukewarmness of Southern India. I visit these towns in a dual capacity—as the secretary of the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association on a tour of inspection of its Indian branches, and as a member of the Committee of the Indian Political Agency in London, which is practically the British Branch of the Congress movement.

Let me describe a day's experience in one of these places. We arrived at Tanjore at 4.40 A.M., in a profound slumber, from which we were awakened by a Congress brass band playing "God save the Queen." I wish to say here that one of the strongest proofs of the loyalty of the Congress is that these bands can play no other tune but this with the smallest approach to harmony. We descended from the carriage into a crowd of 200 Indian gentlemen who had come to welcome Mr. R. W. Allan and myself to Tanjore. We were promptly "garlanded" with a thick necklace of flowers, and escorted to a carriage and pair, placed at our absolute disposal as long as we stay. In this we were driven to a handsome bungalow, fitted up for our reception, for of course no Indian can receive us into his own house, and their boundless hospitality will not tolerate a "travellers' bungalow." Here we found an early breakfast of tea, toast, eggs, and fruit. Refreshed by a bath, we went to a meeting of students convened by our branch society in the S.P.G. College, where 800 young fellows were waiting to greet us, with the principal of the college, Mr. Isaac Daniel, in the chair. The inevitable garlands were forthcoming, and I made my speech, after which a students' temperance society is formed, and members enrolled. We were then taken to see the great temple, the finest in all India, the only important Dravidian temple which was conceived as a whole on a well-defined plan persevered in without alteration to its completion. It was erected during the early part of the fourteenth century. It is in perfect preservation. Its great pagoda, rising 208 ft. into the air, from a base of 96 ft. square, is crowned with a huge circular solid dome, a monolith of granite, which was rolled by forced labour up an inclined plane five miles long, built for the purpose. Facing the pagoda is the famous stone bull, cut from a single block of syenite. This mass of rock must have been at least 20 ft. long, 14 ft. wide,

and 9 ft. thick when cut from the quarry, and was brought a distance of 400 miles. The main gateway of the temple is very handsome, and was completed in A.D. 1330.

We returned from the temple to our bungalow, to a breakfast sent to us by the Princess of Tanjore and the other ladies of the palace, consisting of forty dishes ! Our dinner in the evening was sent in by Rajah Sakaram Sahib ; it was what is called a "Durbar" dinner, of eighty-three dishes, representing the culinary art of three communities, the Brahman, Mahratta, and Mussulman. These meals were brought in large flat baskets, served in the most dainty plates and dishes made from bright green plantain leaves. I once heard two Yankee children at the Grand Hotel, Interlaken, declare their intention, as they sat down to dinner, of "walking straight through the bill of fare," which they did bravely. Even they would have had their work cut out for them with a Tanjore "Durbar" dinner. However, we selected half a dozen of the most appetising dishes, and never dined better.

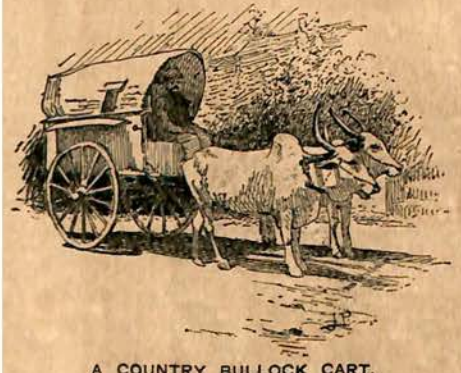


THE MAIN GATEWAY, TANJORE TEMPLE.

In the afternoon we were invited to visit the vast palace of the Nayakar kings, inhabited by their successors, now pensioners of the British Government. There are no less than ten wives and twenty-two left-handed wives of the late Maharajah still living in the palace, with their families, and it is said there are over 2,000 persons of all sorts living within the precincts. The Maharajah is a young lad who has been adopted by the ten widows, but whose claim to the title is in abeyance, and forms one of the endless Indian political grievances on which English barristers and Indian Vakils alike grow fat. I visit few towns in India without some poor creature who has exhausted his resources on a hopeless and ancient claim upon the Government coming to beg me to bring his cause "before Parliament." The uncle of a native prince, who thinks he has not had his fair share of plunder during his nephew's minority, came to see me the other day. He had driven thirty-six miles in a country bullock cart, accompanied by

retainers in green silk and gold lace, to bring me an elaborate statement of his claim upon the Madras Government, covering a period of about thirty-six years, all in print for my benefit. With great difficulty I convinced the good old gentleman that I was nobody at all, only a teetotal Congressman on the tramp, and that Government paid no heed to ex-M.P.'s. He then implored me, with tears in his eyes, to lay his case before "Lord Bradlaugh." This I felt able to promise, and he left me, comforted.

From the palace we drove to the fort, now dismantled, though the old ramparts are still standing, surrounded by a moat overgrown with water-lilies and lotus, now in full blossom. At six o'clock P.M. the Temperance Society held a meeting in the Town Hall, at which about 1,500 persons were present; and at seven, in the same place, the public meeting took place at which delegates were elected to the Congress, the number reaching 2,000. It was presided over by Mr. Saminada Aiyer, president of the Municipal Council, whose guests we were, and was characterised by much enthusiasm. At nine o'clock a torch-light procession was organised in our honour, which escorted us to Mr. Saminada's house, where all the leaders of the Congress movement were assembled to meet us. The palace elephants, camels, and processional horses, with the whole standing army of the Princess of Tanjore, consisting of twelve soldiers armed with flint muskets, and the palace band, headed the procession. We followed with Mr. Saminada and the Committee, the friends of the Congress movement bringing up the rear—a vast crowd. Every fifty yards or so we all stopped while fireworks of various kinds were let off. On one occasion an English officer of the police force, who was passing by, showed his scorn for the whole proceeding by kicking a large set piece of firework, all ablaze, among the bare legs of Hindoo gentlemen very much his superior in manners, if not in colour. It is not easy to describe the picturesqueness of this procession, the gay native dresses, the gorgeous elephant trappings, all lighted by the blaze of petroleum torches, Bengal lights, and other fireworks.

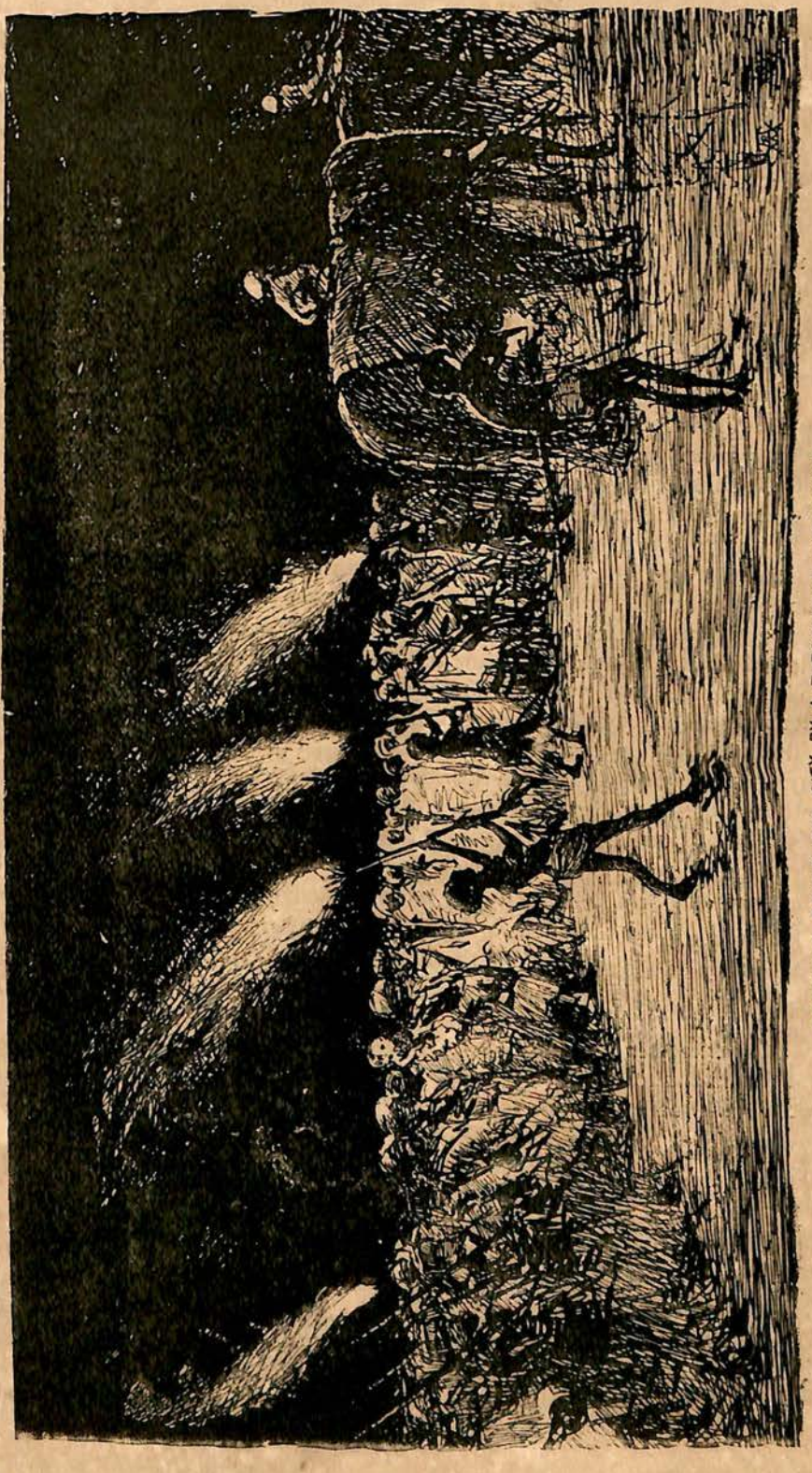


A COUNTRY BULLOCK CART.

This description of a day at Tanjore is fairly characteristic of our reception everywhere, each town vieing with the other in trying to impress us with the appreciative gratitude of educated Indians to the members of the Indian Political Agency, the Anglo-Indian Temperance Association, and, indeed, to all Englishmen who show a practical interest in India's people. As I have said in previous letters, all the meetings I attend are conducted in English, and the speeches of the eloquent Indians are worthy of our best political platforms at home. I am more and more impressed, every day I am in India, with the deep roots the National Congress has struck into the social and political soil of the country, and the rapidly increasing number of those who are able and fit to take a practical interest in political life.

The spread of European education in India is producing a public opinion everywhere, of which the Congress movement is no doubt the most conspicuous evidence, but which is rapidly eating its way into the caste system, and sapping the very foundations of Brahmanism. I have found that the public opinion of Southern India is practically moulded by the Congress Committee of Madras city, and takes its tone from such papers as the *Hindu*; the masses of the people throughout India look to the educated natives of what may be termed the "market towns" for guidance in their affairs, and these country towns

in their turn look to Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay. If the Government desire to keep at touch at all with native feeling everywhere, they must realise that the heart from which in future the thoughts and actions of the Indian people must ebb and flow is the university influence of the Presidency capitals. The leaders of this influence are comparatively young men fighting their way in life, and their followers consist of every man who has been to a high school or college for an Anglo-vernacular education, and to the growing mass of youth who are still students. The average Congress meeting consists of a congregation of seven or



ESCORTED ROUND THE CITY BY A TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

eight hundred men in the body of the hall, 90 per cent. of whom are between twenty-five and forty years old, and a crowd of lads in gallery and verandah from twelve to twenty, who are keener and more interested auditors even than their seniors who have all the best places. Short-sighted Anglo-Indians have nothing but ridicule for these earnest and impassioned boys, who no doubt make fools of themselves now and then; but they forget that in all great national changes the young are always the leaders, and wilfully blind themselves to the deep significance of the educational yeast which they have themselves put into the lump to leaven it. The bread is rising, and they refuse to bake it.

The Indian Civil Servants are undoubtedly the ablest in the world; but they are isolated in outlying districts and provincial cities, associating mainly with natives who are their subordinates, and dependent upon their goodwill for promotion, and they appear as much in the dark with regard to the social and political revolution which is fermenting under their noses as their predecessors were of the great mutiny. The few men whom I have met who realise the truth, who would like to avow it, and recognise and guide the coming social upheaval, either depreciate its significance or fear the ostracism and suspicion that attaches to the Civil servant who associates with the real leaders of native thought. We have nothing to fear from this peaceful "mutiny" of educated India. Its foundation is laid on loyalty to Britain and to British over-rule, and its corner-stone is inscribed with the name of the Queen-Empress. Cultured India knows well enough that only disaster can follow the abolition of English dominion. Only those who, like myself, have moved constantly among the natives, and enjoy their confidence, can form any idea of the horror with which any alternative is viewed by the people of India. They know that if we were to leave India to herself, without any guarantee for law and order, there are only two alternatives—a Russian invasion, or their conquest by the fierce clans of her own soil. In either case, all the advantages they have secured through English education and by British over-rule, which they value so dearly, would be inevitably lost. English politicians who see in the Congress movement danger to British over-rule in India are ignorant indeed of the commonest facts of Indian modern history.

No! it is not British over-rule that is becoming intolerable to educated India, but Brahman over-rule. There were 1,502 Hindu delegates to the Bombay Congress last year. Of these 798 were Brahmans, or more than half. The total number of delegates were 1889, so that very nearly one half of the entire Congress, numerically, were Brahmans, and, as far as influence goes, they possessed fully two-thirds. But this Brahman predominance is singularly intensified if the representation of Bombay city is deducted, for out of the 200 Bombay delegates only twelve were Brahmans, leaving all the rest of India represented by 786 Brahmans to 893 delegates of every other description, viz., all other Hindu castes, with Mussulmans, Jains, Brahmos, and Christians.

A high Anglo-Indian official said to me the other day, "This Congress movement is nothing but a Brahman conspiracy; they find that education is sapping the caste system, and they have thrown themselves into this new development to maintain their supremacy over the people." There may possibly be some foundation in fact for his opinion, but I find that the Brahman Congressmen who have been my constant companions for the last two or three weeks are, in their hearts, very impatient of the constraints of orthodox Brahmanism, and if their caste leaders continue to refuse all relaxation of their rigid laws there will before long be a hiving off of the younger men that may become a larger swarm than the mother-hive.

These educated Brahmans, trained under English schoolmasters and in European

thought, want to see England. If they go, they are excommunicated, and have to suffer all the misery and degradation which is the inevitable fate of those who are outside the pale of Hindu caste. At Madura I visited the Union Club, open to all religions. In the refreshment-room there was a table for Brahmans, another for other castes, a third for Mussulmans, &c. If a Brahman and a Sudra enter the club together, and sit at the same table over a cup of tea, excommunication would be the fate of the former. Some day a sudden impulse will make a common table, to the defiance of caste rules. Old orthodox and young heterodox Brahmanism comes into constant collision over social questions, such as the age of consent, the re-marriage of widows, and their relations with other castes. I was received on the railway platform here last week by 400 or 500 Congressmen, of whom probably two-thirds were Brahmans—they were flushed and excited with victory, hot from a public meeting called to protest against any proposals for raising the age of consent in Hindu marriages, where they had routed the orthodox Conservatives hip and thigh.

The Congress Brahman finds himself in much the same position as an Oxford graduate compelled to conform his life to the social laws of the Books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy under a penalty of penal servitude for life for the smallest breach. He only tolerates his position for the sake of his old father and mother, that his may be the hand to place the torch to their funeral pyre. The Congress Brahman who has performed this last sacred duty demands that the old iron rules of thirty centuries of polytheism shall be put in the melting pot and recast. If this is not done, the 20th century of Hindu history will be reared on the ashes of dead Brahmanism.

CHAPTER V.

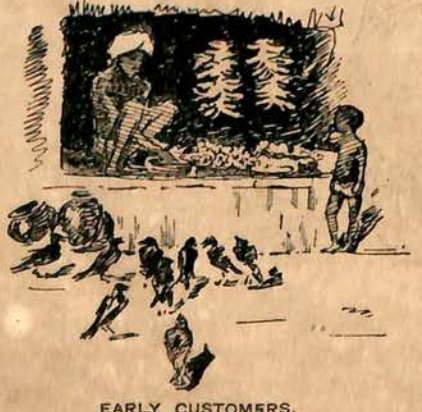
A City of Magnificent Distances.—A Walk through a Madras Bazaar.—The Liquor Question in Madras.—The Effect of a Vote of Censure in the House of Commons.—What Cultivated India reads.—The Salvation Army in India.—The Doom of the Caste system.

MADRAS is a city of magnificent distances. We are the guests of a leading English barrister, who lives in a convenient suburb six miles from the Law Courts. The people I want to see live all over the place, which involves much driving about. Nothing can be more delightful, for every turn of the road brings some new incident, Madras being an aggregation of thirty or forty villages, great and small, tied to Blacktown, their capital, by good roads running through cocoa-nut plantations, past blue lakes, and over fine bridges spanning pretty rivers, where hundreds of Dhobies, or washerwomen, are busy knocking the buttons off European shirts. For a city of such distances, Madras is deplorably short of what the Americans call "rapid transit." There is neither tram nor omnibus in the whole city, the nearest approach being small two-wheeled hackneys, plying between Blacktown and the various villages, holding six natives, but hardly one European with legs, charging a little less than a halfpenny per trip.

HACKNEY CARRIAGE, MADRAS.

Blacktown is the business quarter—wide, busy, thronged streets, set behind the harbour, without much interest other than that excited by the quaint shops of the bazaars and the picturesque dress of their crowds. In India every trade is a handicraft, and is carried on in open shops flush with the street. I spend all my spare time with Mr. Allan, in search of the picturesque, and he has just given me three or four leaves of his sketch book to send on with this letter.

Here, for instance, is a pretty scene witnessed at daybreak, as a fruit dealer opens his shop for the early morning bazaar. His only customers so far are the impudent and ubiquitous crows, who are waiting for him to throw out decayed and unsaleable plantains.



EARLY CUSTOMERS.

MONEY CHANGER.

On the next leaf of the book is a sketch of a money changer and his customer, probably a Mussulman cook making his daily bazaar purchases. The supplies of an Indian household are bought every morning for the day's consumption, and involve an infinite amount of chaffering and small change. This money changer will divide a rupee for you into 912 fractions. His money table is :

1 Rupee	16 Annas.	1 Pice	3 Pies.
1 Anna	4 Pice.	1 Pie	76 Cowries.

Here, in a tiny garden in front of a hut, is a family of basket-makers all hard at work. The girl leaning against the tree is waiting for the finished basket, for *stocks* do not exist in Madras, where everything is made to order.

BASKET-MAKERS.

CHAIR-MAKING.

Madras is famous for its chairs, cane work, and canvas stretched across frames. Here is a little snap sketch of two men stretching the canvas.

The beach between the two great arms of the concrete breakwater which forms the harbour, an area of 1,000 yards by 830, swarms with life and commerce. Cargo is all

CATAMARAN.

landed in large open boats called *masulas*, constructed of thin planks stitched with cocoa fibre to a strong frame, and specially adapted to cope with the heavy surf, which for nine months of the year the breakwater can only diminish somewhat.

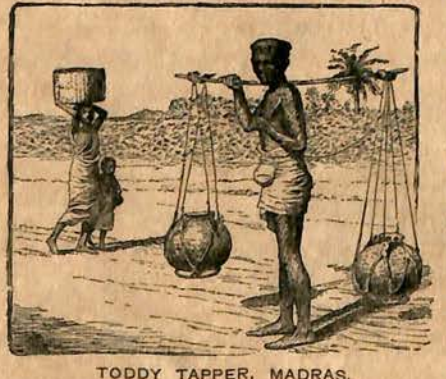
One morning, walking to the end of the pier, we could see hundreds of catamarans

out fishing, there being a swarm of sword fish off the shore. It was very amusing to watch the struggles of a catamaran when its owner had hooked a heavy fish, exactly like the action of a trimmer with a good big pike on. Some of the fish appeared to be as big as the catamaran itself. These boats, if they can be dignified with the name, are either hollow logs with a projecting outrigger, or three light logs lashed together; they are driven with a single primitive paddle. They will live in the heaviest surf, and their owners think nothing of being washed off and on a dozen times a day.

A MADRAS BARBER.

The barber is one of the great institutions of the Madras bazaar, as he is indeed all over India. They are a very clever, intelligent lot of men, who take an active interest in all social and political questions; they are reputed to be deeply moved on the condition of widows, whose heads they have to shave continually, and some of these bolder spirits are agitating for a universal strike against this horrid and degrading cruelty, a very significant straw which shows how the social wind is blowing on the great Hindu marriage question.

There are plenty of liquor shops in Madras bazaars—altogether 134 arrack shops and 589 toddy shops. The Madrasis are great toddy drinkers, and although the authorities are increasing the tax on palm trees, they have not yet followed the example of Bombay, and taxed them to the point of changing the consumption of the people from the comparatively harmless fermented toddy to the infernal spirit of the arrack shop. In the early morning the roads from the cocoa-nut plantations to Blacktown are sprinkled with toddy tappers, bringing into the bazaar the fresh and wholesome sap, not yet fermented into toddy, which the Madrasi loves to drink with his morning meal.



TODDY TAPPER, MADRAS.

The Madras Government appears to have taken somewhat to heart the censure of the House of Commons on the excise policy for India, for they have during the last financial year *reduced* the number of spirit shops throughout the presidency from 17,261 to 14,664, and the toddy shops from 26,180 to 21,684, giving a total reduction during the year of no less than 7,093 LIQUOR SHOPS. They promise a somewhat similar reduction during the present financial year. The *Madras Mail*, the leading Government organ, has amused me this week by a series of articles on my visit to the Madras presidency, pointing out that my attacks on the excise policy of the Government have been completely annihilated, and my unworthy self exploded "like a bubble," by the 220-page despatch of the central government, to which the editor has called upon me, in my next speech, "to give a categorical

reply." I wrote a few lines to the editor asking him if he did not think that the closing of over 7,000 liquor shops in a single year was not at any rate a sufficiently categorical reply to the vote of censure moved by Mr. S. Smith, M.P., and seconded by myself, which the House carried by a good majority, and assured him that the Government might "explode" me every three months with a despatch of 220 pages on the same terms. A very significant passage in the excise administration report just issued runs thus: "The Government has directed that municipal councils should be consulted in future as to the location of shops in municipalities." A close perusal of the different excise reports of this year's issue fills me with wonder at the tremendous effect which a Tuesday night censure by the House of Commons has had on the Governments of India, and will make me more zealous than ever for the rights of private members if East Bradford does its duty.

I have spent a good deal of time during my stay in Madras in the study of the contents of native bookshops. Educated India is a somewhat omnivorous reader, and the book trade is a very important one in all the university centres. During the last three years over 6,000 youths have passed the entrance examinations of the Madras University, and 14,000 more have been unsuccessful candidates. This swarm of young fellows can all read and speak English with astonishing fluency, and as there is practically no vernacular literature, they are thrown upon English books. They have mighty little money to spend, and the booksellers keep enormous stocks of the cheap issues of such firms as George Routledge & Sons, Cassells, Bohns, Ward & Lock, Dicks, Nimmos, &c., which are popular in about the order I have set them down.

I carefully interviewed eight or ten of the leading native booksellers, with a view of eliciting what books in various branches of literature were the most popular with the general English reading public of native Madras. The result is both instructive and amusing. I give you question and answer, the answer in all cases being that of so large a majority as practically to be a consensus of opinion. I give the books in the order of majority in each case.

What book has the largest sale of all? 1, "Arabian Nights;" 2, Shakespeare; 3, Reynolds's "Mysteries of the Court"; 4, Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Who are the most popular novelists? 1, G. W. M. Reynolds; 2, Sir Walter Scott; 3, Charles Kingsley; 4, Meadows Taylor; 5, Dumas Père; 6, Beaconsfield; 7, Jane Austen; 8, Dickens; 9, Jules Verne; 10, Lytton; the rest nowhere. All agreed that the most hopeless of all books to sell are those by American novelists. All tell me that four or five years ago they sold three times the number of Reynolds's they do now, and that although they still come first, they have a declining sale. Professors and high school teachers condemn them, and some booksellers only admitted keeping them under pressure from me.

Who are the favourite poets? 1, Shakespeare, one shop selling 500 copies yearly; 2, Milton; 3, Goldsmith; 4, Wordsworth; 5, Pope; 6, Dryden; 7, Hemans; 8, Byron; 9, Shelley.

What about political economy and sociology, which is very favourite reading with students in India? 1, Fawcett; 2, Herbert Spencer; 3, Hamilton; 4, Mill.

As to Dictionaries? 1, Chambers; 2, Routledge's Webster; 3, Stormonth's.

What do you find the most popular books in what may be called general literature? 1, Æsop's Fables; 2, Smiles' "Self-Help," and other works; 3, Morley's "English Men of Letters" series; 4, Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; 5, Addison's "Spectator" Essays; 6, Chambers' publications generally; 7, Evenings at Home; 8, Sandford and Merton; 9, Gulliver's Travels; 10, Proctor's Works on Astronomy.

Cheapness is a strong element in the choice of the books. A cheap edition of Herbert

Spencer's works would have an enormous sale in India, but books that cost an average of 15*s.* a volume have not much chance with students, to many of whom that sum represents two months' food. In a bookseller's catalogue of 130 pages now before me, Routledge, Cassell, Bohn, and Chambers stand out more conspicuously than any other, and these four publishers appear to contribute more than any other to forming the mind of Young India.

The Salvation Army have two or three stations in Blacktown, and I have been impressed by the universal respect in which the officers are held by educated natives generally. They are quick to recognise the genuine self-sacrifice which has prompted their action in coming out, and over and over again I have heard them say, "These people are not afraid to come and live in the bazaar, and their life is open to us all." I called to see the various officers, who seem full of cheerful courage and confidence in the future of their work in India; they are all devouring General Booth's new book, which came to them last week. The training home for "lasses" is in Jail Street, and is under the superintendence of three devoted young ladies, the principal of whom is Miss Kitty Wood, the daughter of an American clergyman: her Indian name is Sutawanti, which signifies "holiness." She is assisted by Miss Case, alias Nurani, or "brightness," who was an English governess in an excellent situation when the "call" reached her to go out to India; and also by Miss Gearing, who is known to Indians as Dirganat (faithful). They live in a good native house of four rooms and a kitchen, in which they and fourteen or fifteen native girls, whom they are training for the Army, eat and sleep with full content. They are allowed 2½ rupees (3*s.* 9*d.*) a week for food, and I never saw better looking, better nourished, or happier young women.

Referring to the closing sentences of my last letter, I have had several fresh instances in Madras of the growing hatred of caste rules that is secretly but surely honeycombing Brahmanism. I have visited two Brahman houses to-day. One is under the ban of caste, and every man of the household is excommunicated. The head of the family is a man of great culture—a B.A. of Madras, and one of the most influential of the leaders of Young India. He enjoys a considerable income from his business. In spite of this, no priest will minister to the family, no servant will enter his household, no Hindu who is not a Congress wallah will openly associate with him or marry into his family. The inconvenience and misery to which he is subjected is terrible; it has killed his wife and left him widowed. The crime he has committed is an unpardonable one. He has allowed his daughter, a virgin widow 14 years old, to re-marry. To quote his own words, he "could not face the life-long misery of a daughter whom he loved as his own soul, and preferred the risk of excommunication." The other household was that of the most intellectual Brahman I have met in all India. He is getting into disrepute for refusing to marry his daughters until they are 16 years of age, and is involved in a weary struggle with his family. He is trying to get the girls, who are 10 and 11 years old, thoroughly educated, that they may be fit companions for the cultured husbands he hopes presently to obtain for them. The rift in Brahmanism, which is growing deeper and wider daily, is caused mainly by the misery which follows the mating of University students with ignorant girls who cannot even read the vernacular, who, brought up by equally ignorant mothers and fanatical priests, in their turn maintain every jot and tittle of caste rules, for which their husbands have long since felt nothing but loathing and contempt. Almost every English-speaking native is in favour of the better education of women, the raising of the age of marriage, the rational treatment and even the re-marriage of widows, and social intercourse between different castes; but the grey spectre of Brahmanism sits for ever on the threshold of their homes, and no man has courage to face it. Its days are numbered. When the right leader comes the revolt of educated India from the tyranny of Brahmanism will be one of the most remarkable religious upheavals the world has ever seen.

I sail to-morrow for Calcutta, where the Indian National Congress will be held during Christmas week. The delegates from the Madras Presidency sail next week in a special steamer ; they expect to number over a hundred. The subjects of the resolutions are now settled. The principal will, of course, be the reform of the Legislative Councils of India on a partially representative basis, and the discussion will have fresh interest instilled into it by the consideration of the Bill introduced by the Government last session enlarging the Councils, and Mr. Bradlaugh's amendments thereto introducing the representative principle, which is, of course, the corner stone of the Congress programme. Another subject will be the employment of natives in the higher offices of State, with special reference to the recent

MADRASI BRAHMAN GIRLS.

despatch of the Secretary of State on the report of the Public Service Commission. Another resolution will press the Government to give full effect to the resolution of the House of Commons on the Excise question. There will also be resolutions on police reform, with regard to which the Government have appointed Commissions of Inquiry on the separation of judicial from executive functions in the administration of criminal justice, the jury system, income tax, &c. Some of the more courageous Brahman malcontents intend pressing upon the Business Committee, which is the final arbiter on "subjects," the desirability of a thorough discussion and vote upon the question of raising the age of consent from ten to at least twelve years of age. The debate and decision of the Business Committee on this test subject will be watched with keen interest by both friend and foe of the Congress movement.

CHAPTER VI.

Preparing for the Congress at Calcutta.—The Congress Officials.—The Dum-Dum Murder Case.

PLEASANT passage of three days on board the P. and O. steamer Coromandel brought us safely to Calcutta. I had a busy week at the Congress Hall, where the preparations are very backward, owing to the serious illness of two of the most active men on the Committee—Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee and Surendranath Banerjee. The brilliant Indian moonlight now enables us to work double shifts of men, and we hope to see the back of the last workman and the face of the first delegate simultaneously.

The organisation of an Indian National Congress is no light matter. It is placed in the hands of a body of men called the "Reception Committee," composed of the leading and active members resident in the city where the meetings are to be held. Their first duty is to find a suitable place. Calcutta has no public hall in which such a concourse could meet. The largest is the Town Hall, a long, low, narrow building of bad acoustic properties, holding about 2,000 persons only. The Committee have, therefore, had to build a special structure. Mr. Rajendra Lal Mullick, a wealthy Hindu landowner, has given them the free use of a large bungalow, with six or eight acres of compound. In this has been erected a vast hall of bamboo and matting, 250 ft. long by 125 ft. wide, to seat 6,000 persons. Four thousand chairs were to have been imported from Vienna and sold by auction afterwards, the rest of the seats being benches borrowed from various schools. But, alas! the steamer bringing the chairs has suffered shipwreck, and it has been a serious difficulty to get substitutes, adding greatly to the anxieties of the Committee. The building is lined inside—roof, sides, and columns—with vari-coloured cloth, and when filled with 6,000 turbanned delegates, will be a gay and picturesque sight. The building alone will cost Rs. 12,000.

The next difficulty the Committee has to face is the entertainment of the delegates. Mr. Nimai Charran Bose has given up his famous mansion in the Sham Bazar, with its thirty-nine marble floored rooms, for the use of the orthodox Hindu delegates. Forty cooks and fifty other servants have been engaged and drilled into discipline, to look after the comfort of the 400 guests of all castes, and from every part of India, who are to be entertained in this Mohun Bagan palace. The 150 Mussulman delegates will all be housed in two huge bungalows lent by Mr. Palit and Sir Romesh Chunder Mitter. The whole of the delegates from the country, about 900, will be met at the railway stations by members of the Committee, and conveyed to their respective lodgings, employing a whole regiment of hackney carriages, busses, and other vehicles.

All this has to be done by a Committee of volunteers to whom such work is entirely strange, in a city devoid of all accessories. It will cost 60,000 rupees, and the task of collecting the needful funds is also thrown upon this overworked Committee. The genius of the whole business is the Honorary Secretary of the Reception Committee, Mr. J. Ghosal, who may count himself fortunate if he gets through under 100 working days of twelve hours each. His tact, energy, and enthusiasm are indeed boundless.

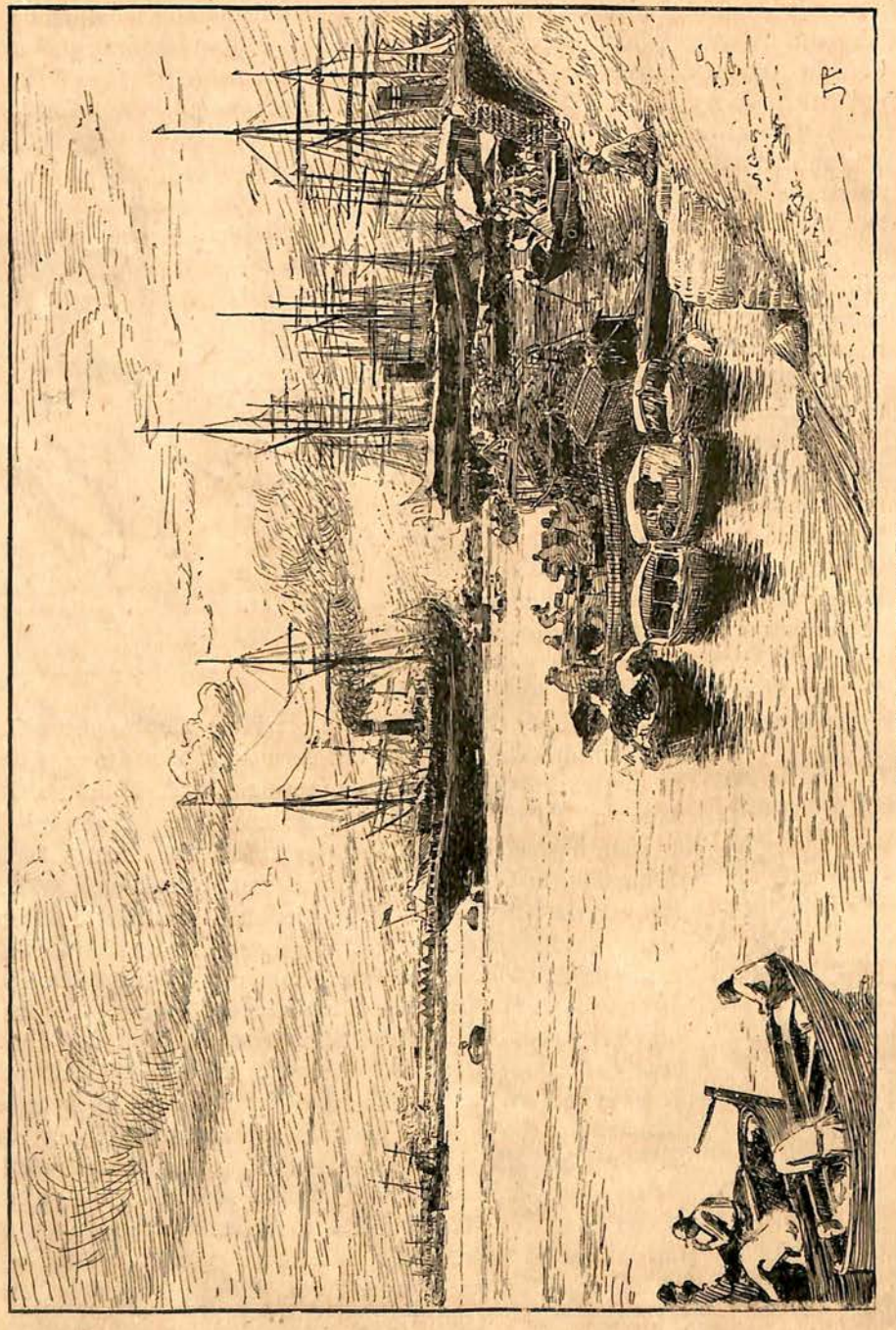
The chairman of the Reception Committee is, after the president, the most important personage of the Congress. Not only has he to preside at all Committee meetings and act as director-general, but he must deliver an address of welcome on the opening day to the president and delegates, which is expected to be a model political speech, and strike the key-note of the whole Congress. The office could not be in better hands than those of Mr. Manomohun Ghose, one of the foremost Hindu reformers of Bengal. Mr. Ghose is the son of a subordinate judge, who played his part in the educational reforms of the last generation. He is forty-six years old, and the brother of Mr. Lalmohun Ghose, the Liberal candidate for Deptford. In 1862 he left for England with his friend, Mr. S. N. Tagore, to seek their fortunes, which they found. Mr. Tagore, being the first Indian to pass the Civil Service examination, now occupies the position of district judge; Mr. Ghose, being the first Indian called to the English bar who had practised in India, is now the acknowledged leader of the criminal bar of Calcutta. His eldest son, now in England, has just passed the Indian Civil Service examination with great credit. Mr. Ghose will be known to many of your readers as one of the three Indians deputed by the public bodies of the three Presidencies to advocate Indian questions in the United Kingdom during the autumn of 1885, in view of the pending dissolution of Parliament. He is an active member of the Brahmo-Somaj, is married to a cultured lady of the same faith, who has twice visited England with her husband, and he is giving an English education to all his sons and daughters.

MANOMOHUN GHOSE,
Chairman of the Reception Committee.

There has been some delay in finally deciding upon a president for this year's Congress—not from want of choice, but because it was thought desirable to give variety from previous presidents. A Hindu, a Mussulman, a Parsi, a British merchant, and a retired Indian civilian, have all in turn filled the presidential chair. After much discussion, the Committee decided upon Mr. Pherozshah M. Mehta, who was the chairman of the Reception Committee at Bombay last year. And their choice was a wise one. Mr. Mehta is a Parsi, in the prime of life, a barrister occupying much the same position in Bombay as Mr. Ghose does in Calcutta. He was the first Pars who graduated M.A. with honours at the Bombay University, taking a Fellowship of Elphinstone College, and was also the first Parsi called to the English Bar. He has twice been elected chairman of the Bombay municipality, and is, probably, the first authority in India on municipal questions. With Mr. (now Justice) Telang and Mr. Badrudin Tyabji he led the agitation in favour of the Ilbert Bill, and founded the Bombay Presidency Association, the most influential political club in India.

PHEROZSHAH M. MEHTA,
President of the Congress.

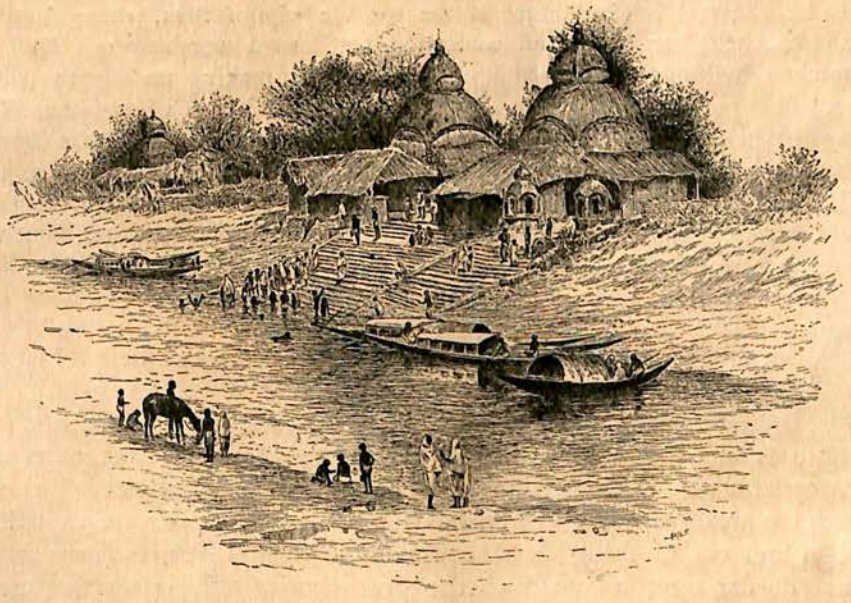
He was for some time Dean in the Faculty of Arts and president of the Graduates Association of his University, and was appointed by Lord Reay a member of the Bombay Legislative Council. We are expecting



THE HOOGHLY, CALCUTTA.

great things from him as President of the Sixth Indian National Congress, and don't think we shall be disappointed.

The number of delegates this year will be less than at the two previous Congresses (1,248 at Allahabad, and 1,889 at Bombay) in consequence of the enormous difficulty and cost which in India attends the transport, lodging, and provisioning of so large a number of men of different castes, habits, and language. Last year therefore the Congress passed a resolution limiting for the future the number of delegates from each circle to five per million of the population, which gives, roughly, about 1,000 delegates in all. The number of visitors, however, will be greater than ever, and the demand from the country districts for reserved places in the hall is so great, as to show that if this restriction had not been laid, the number of elected delegates would have far surpassed any previous Congress, and the Reception Committee would have been simply crushed. Their responsibility is of course



KALI GHAT, CALCUTTA.

limited to the 1,000 actual delegates, which has been found more than enough. I think that eventually the number will have to be reduced to 500 I have in previous letters commented on the election of delegates. I have now seen the reports from nearly all the districts, and they give evidence of a steadily increasing and more widespread interest than has ever been shown before. In one way and another I think it no exaggeration to estimate the number of intelligent men who have taken part in the election of delegates throughout India at over six millions.

The Congress opens the day after to-morrow ; the work is now beyond the risk of failure in any of its departments, and the hard-worked Committee find time to breathe. Leaving the great hall in the hands of the hundred tailors who are stitching on flags to the tall bamboo columns, and putting the finishing touches to the decorations generally, both of the hall and the vast reception tent, a few of us feel justified in taking a holiday. We have spent the day

on the Hooghly river, on board Mr. Manomohun Ghose's steam launch. Let your shivering readers at home envy me, on the day before Christmas, as I sit under an awning on board a steam launch, in thin flannels, with a pretty rose gathered in Mrs. Ghose's garden in my button hole, and a good supply of iced lemonade at my elbow!

We embark at the British India Company's Wharf, as one of their great steamers shakes loose from a swarm of attendant "budgerows" to start on a four days' voyage to Rangoon. We drop down the river, past a triple row of the finest sailing ships in the world, a mile and a half long, whose yards, masts, and rigging stand out against the clear morning sky in strong dark lines like a fine etching. There is no such spectacle of shipping in the world to compare with this line of huge sailing ships on the Hooghly, carrying away to all parts of the world the traffic of the two mightiest rivers of India, the Ganges and the Brahmaputra, as well as that of two great Indian railways. We presently steam past the mouth of Tolly's Nullah, on whose bank is the famous Kali Ghat, which gives Calcutta its name. This is supposed to be the real original home of the terrible wife of Siva, where from time immemorial she has held her court and welcomed her horrid worshippers. Kali Ghat is a humble thatched building, its reputation for holiness making up for the absence of architecture. It is practically the only public temple in Calcutta, whose pious Hindus are all content with their domestic shrines. Kali Ghat is a wonderful sight on festival days, when all orthodox Calcutta bathes in Tolly's Nullah, as close to the Ghat as the crowd permits. Eight or nine miles further down the river is the great jute mill belonging to Mr. George Yule, an ex-president of Congress, who in these works, and an adjacent cotton mill employs over 7,000 persons. Here we disembarked for lunch at Mr. Yule's fine bungalow, picturesquely placed on the very edge of the Hooghly, enjoying a superb view of many miles up and down the river. Coming home in the cool of the evening, we stopped at "Garden Ghat" for an hour's stroll through one of the loveliest gardens in the world.

The Ghat is crowded with pleasure budgerows, as the most popular excursion in Calcutta is a gipsy tea in its famous Botanical Gardens. We wander along the banks of its pretty lake, admiring its wonderful water gardens, and the magnificent blossoms of the great "Victoria Regia" lilies; through the great *palmetum*, where palms from all over the tropics are planted in charming groups; in and out of shady orchid houses and ferneries; across lawns shadowed by mahogany and deodar trees, till we reach the great glory of the gardens, the huge Banian tree, under whose shade an army might encamp, but which is now gay with picnic parties. Its trunk is more than fifty feet in circumference, 200 air roots have dropped to the earth from its mighty branches, each forming a fresh trunk, until in less than 100 years, for it was born with the century, this giant tree has reached an outside circumference of 800 feet, and is growing away harder than ever. The garden fronts the river for a mile, and is 272 acres in extent. We got back at dusk, in time to dine and dress for an entertainment given by Judge Tagore (referred to just now) in the old family mansion in the heart of Calcutta.

I find everywhere in Calcutta, in native circles, a very strong feeling of resentment towards the Government in consequence of the gross miscarriage of justice in the matter of the Dum-Dum murder case, which in my opinion has done more to strain the relations of the two races in India than anything that has happened for many a long year. As this case has not aroused much attention in England I will give a brief summary of the facts. One night lately four soldiers of the Leinster Regiment, stationed at Dum-Dum, a suburb

of Calcutta, left the barracks about ten o'clock with their rifles, ostensibly on a pig shooting expedition, but really on a hunt for drink. They went to two or three houses in the village and knocked up the inmates demanding liquor without success. They then went into a palm grove and stole some toddy out of the tree pots. About midnight they went to the house of one Selim Sheikh, who was asleep in his verandah. They dragged him out of his bed, knocked him about, and ordered him to take them to the nearest liquor shop. On his refusal they dragged him to a tank near his house and threw him into the water. Private O'Hara then aimed his rifle at him and was about to fire, when Private McDermott said, "For God's sake don't fire!" O'Hara replied, "Never mind, there are plenty more of these black bastards," and at once shot poor Selim, who was splashing about in the tank. Private Bellew then fired another shot at Selim, and the four went off, leaving him to his fate. His wife had aroused the neighbours, and they dragged him out, to die a few minutes later from a shot through the chest. The soldiers got back to the barracks unobserved, and it was only when a reward of 500 rupees was offered, with a conditional pardon, that the two soldiers who had not fired turned Queen's evidence. O'Hara and Bellew were then committed to the Calcutta High Court on a charge of murder. Clearer evidence was never given in a court of justice. In addition to the two Queen's witnesses, Bhootnath, a native shopkeeper who had been roused by the prisoners in search of drink, swore positively to their identity. Judge Norris, who tried the case, directed the acquittal of Bellew; the jury unanimously found O'Hara guilty, and Judge Norris sentenced him to death. It came out in course of the trial that the Leinster Regiment had raised a subscription for the defence of the two soldiers and several of their comrades attempted to prove an *alibi*, which broke down hopelessly. Judge Norris, commenting on this from the bench, said he was astonished that a regiment of Englishmen and Irishmen had not thought fit to raise any subscription for the support of the widow and children of the murdered man, a remark which appears, for some inscrutable reason, to have given great offence to certain of the Anglo-Indian community in Calcutta, who made desperate attempts to get the sentence commuted. The Leinster Regiment was said to be in a state of boiling indignation at the idea of one of their comrades being hanged for killing a "nigger"; and it was commonly reported that if the sentence were carried out the regiment would mutiny, and shoot down every native they could find. At last an application was made to the Advocate-General for a certificate to the effect that Judge Norris was wrong in his charge to the jury. He refused it at first, but subsequently relented and granted the application. There was no record except the judge's notes; yet on such flimsy grounds the whole case was revised before a bench consisting of the Chief Justice two civilian judges, and two barrister judges, of whom Mr. Norris was one. This bench held that Judge Norris was wrong in telling the jury that the two soldiers who turned informers were not accomplices in the crime, and on a review of the evidence acquitted O'Hara.

A more disastrous miscarriage of justice never occurred. No one has the smallest doubt that a cold-blooded murder was committed, the outcome of the brutal contempt for "black men" that is unhappily still the characteristic of many ignorant and prejudiced Englishmen in India. A most unfortunate impression has been created in native circles that the Government have yielded to fear and threats, and lent themselves to the encouragement of a race-hatred that they ought, above all others, to be the first to stamp out. The nasty smear left behind by the O'Hara case will take many years to rub out. I do not pretend to understand the legal intricacies of Indian criminal law; no doubt the Judges and

the Advocate-General had no course open to them but to acquit the prisoner. The fact remains, that a soldier, whom everyone believes to be an exceptionally brutal murderer, escapes punishment, and leaves the court to return to his regiment again, an injured innocent!

A BUDGEROW, CALCUTTA.

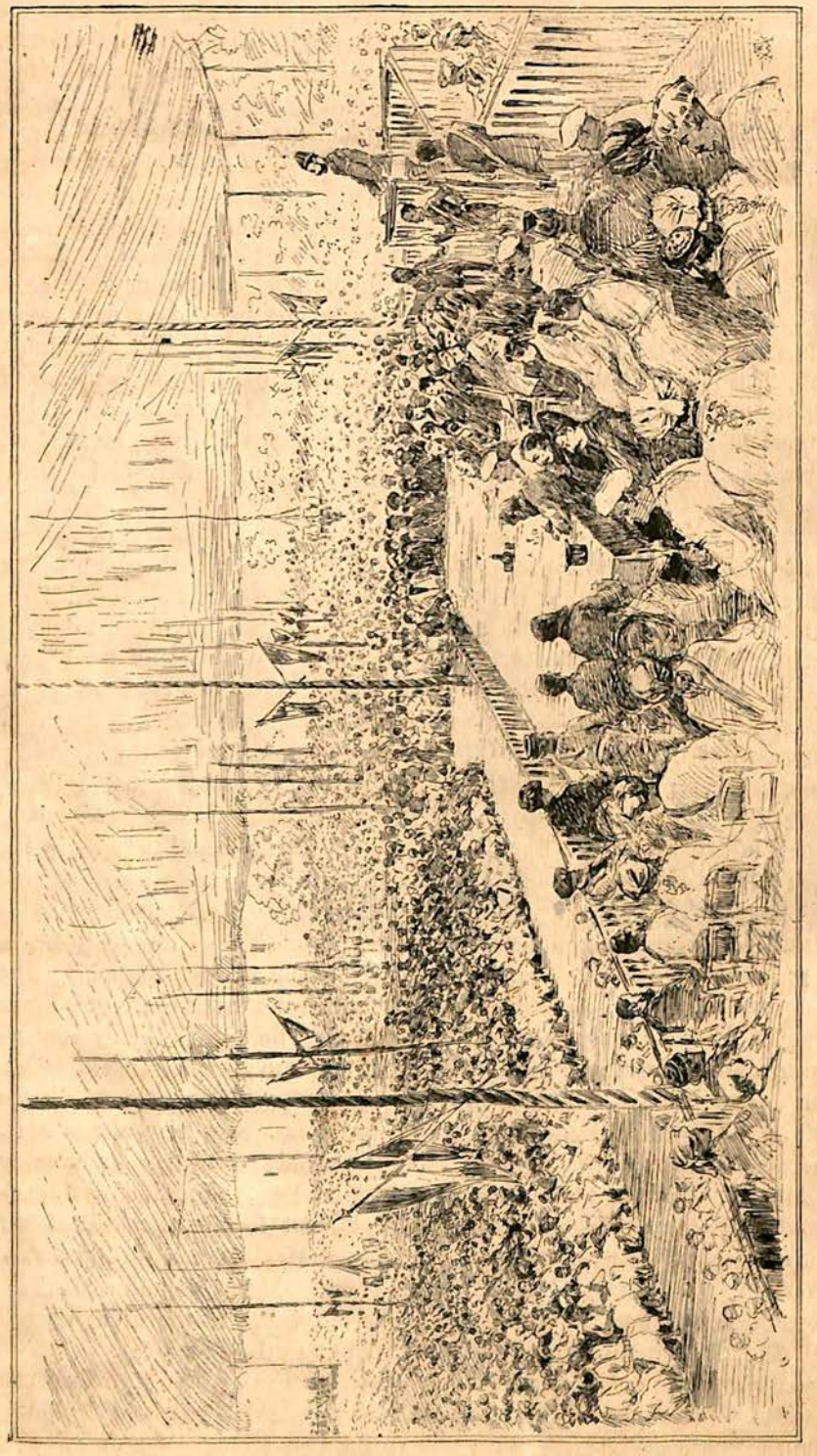
CHAPTER VII.

The Scene in the Congress Hall.—The President's Address.—The Resolutions.—The "Social Congress" and Child Marriage.—The Government and the Congress.

THE Sixth Indian National Congress has met and parted. It has not been quite the brilliant success of its two predecessors. In a capital where almost every educated man is either in Government service, or hoping to get a son into Government service, a gathering of educated men meeting under the freezing disapproval of Government has every chance of failing. But the Congress is not flags and decorations, hospitality and evening parties, bands and banners, and applauding crowds; these help to impress the casual observer, no doubt, but the real thing is the thousand delegates who have come from all parts of India, men in deadly earnest, who sit in the centre of the great Congress hall debating and resolving on matters of deep import to their country.

The scene in the Congress hall is one of great brilliance. Every delegate wears the distinctive head-dress of his district—crimson, green, blue, orange, white and gold turbans of all sizes, shapes, and colours. Here and there the mass of colour is relieved by the queer receding oilcloth hat of a Parsee, the extraordinary gold hat of a Sind delegate, like an English hat with the crown cut out, turned upside down, and worn with the brim in the air, or the black and gold cap of some Oudh Mussulman. The dresses are equally picturesque. One delegate is clad in white satin from head to foot, the sheen relieved by a turban and scarf of the finest white muslin; another in sapphire velvet embroidered with gold; others in dove-coloured cloth, gold or silver kincobs, cashmere shawls, and Benares brocades. All round this gay and shimmering company are vast crowds of Calcutta citizens, who dress for the most part in sober colours without turbans. Three thousand bare black heads throw out in rich relief the mass of colour in the centre. Right opposite the platform is gallery A, reserved for distinguished visitors. This is almost empty, "distinguished" men in India being mostly under Government influence. On the right side of the platform is a space filled by sixty or seventy Indian ladies, mostly members of the Brahmo-Somaj, who have put on their bravest apparel and finest gauds for the occasion, in the front rank of whom are nine lady delegates elected at a public meeting in Calcutta. The dignified lady whose cap is encrusted with pearls, and whose gold-embroidered Sari is worth a king's ransom, is Mrs. Ghosal, the wife of the energetic hon. secretary, and granddaughter of Dwarkanath Tagore; she is the editress of the "Bharati," a Bengali magazine for ladies. By her side is Mrs. Ganguli, a fully-qualified doctor of medicine, and the most distinguished woman graduate of Calcutta University. Mrs. Some, B.A., Mrs. Chatterjee, Misses Bose, Sarkar, and Banerjee, in the same row, are all Christian ladies distinguished in Bengal female educational work; Mrs. Mozumdar is the superintendent of a large girls' school, Mrs. Bose a well-known authoress, and Mrs. Chowdhury the editress of a vernacular paper. Mrs. Ganguli wished to speak on the salt-tax resolution, but was suppressed by some busybody, to the great disappointment of everybody. She afterwards moved the vote of thanks to the president.

The proceedings commenced punctually at 2 P.M. on Friday, the 26th December. The president-elect, Mr. Pherozshah Mehta, was escorted by the chairman and leading members of the Reception Committee from the Bungalow to the Great Hall. On entering, the whole



A SITTING OF THE INDIAN CONGRESS.

of the vast audience of 6,000 rose to their feet, with cheer upon cheer, till the platform was reached. The speech in which Mr. Manomohun Ghose, the chairman, then welcomed the delegates to Calcutta was one of rare ability and discretion. The election of Mr. Mehta as president was proposed by the Honourable Sir Romesh C. Mitter, retired chief justice of Bengal, in a charming little speech, seconded by Nawab Shams-ud-dowla, a mussulman delegate from Oudh, and supported by Anandu Charles from Madras and Prince Ghulam Rabbani from Mysore. He was elected by thundering acclamations.

In the Presidential address of Mr. Mehta it was remarkable that, though he is a Parsee, he drew no less than seven of his illustrations from the Bible. I was much struck with the prompt way in which every one of them was taken up by the audience, an evidence of the widespread influence of mission schools and colleges in the creation of this growing mass of educated Indians, as well as of the failure of an education veneered with Christianity to make converts to Christianity. I doubt if there were sixty Christians out of the whole 6,000

MRS. GHOSAL.

MRS. GANGULI.

present. Your young Bengali is a very roach for sucking the paste off the missionary hook without being caught himself. The most telling sentences in Mr. Mehta's able address were those in which he put into the witness-box on behalf of the Congress an array of Anglo-Indian officials, beginning with Sir William Hunter and Sir Richard Garth, going on to Lord Northbrook, Lord Ripon, Lord Dufferin, and Sir Charles Elliott. He closed this part of his speech with a quotation from Macaulay's well-known dedication to Henry, Marquis of Lansdowne, appealing to the present Viceroy in the following words :—

"The dawn of that day which Macaulay foresaw was but the prophetic vision of the reality which is now breaking on the horizon, the curtain which is now rising on the drama. Let us earnestly hope that the present illustrious bearer of the great historic name of Lansdowne, who by a wonderful ordering of events has now come to rule over us, may watch the glowing streaks of light with generous sympathy, and preside over the certain march of events with timely and provident statesmanship."

At the close of his speech Mr. Mehta took his seat on the president's chair, and the Congress was formally opened. The only business done that day was the formal election of the "Subjects Committee," a body of 105 delegates elected according to population by the Standing Committees of the different district circles throughout India. This body is practically the heart of the whole Congress. It meets daily before and after the public session, settles the subjects to be discussed, the wording of the resolutions, their movers and seconders, and is the paramount authority on all procedure. Consisting as it does of the picked men of educated India, the debates of the Subjects Committee are of the greatest interest, and I have never sat upon any Committee (except the grand Committee of the House which dealt with Mr. Chamberlain's Bankruptcy Bill) which transacted its business more promptly and with so little unnecessary palaver. On many details of the subjects proposed there were the keenest differences of opinion and prolonged discussion, which, however, always ended in mutual concession and final agreement.

On Saturday, the 27th, the proceedings commenced with the moving of the principal resolution, approving Mr. Bradlaugh's Bill to amend the India Councils Act, and petitioning Parliament to pass it into law. This was proposed by Mr. Lalmohun Ghose, as representing Bengal, in a quiet, impressive speech, seconded in faultless English by Mr. Anandu Charlu, of Madras, supported by Mr. Naidu, of Nagpur, a young barrister in a superfine English masher get up, who convulsed the audience by introducing himself as the "Secretary of State for India in the Paddington Parliament," and who was promptly closured by the President while taking a glass of water; further supported by Madan Mohun Moulavi, of Allahabad, one of the favourite orators of the Congress, Mr. Bishan Naryan, of Lucknow, a Kashmeri Brahman, who has been "outcast" for going to England; Mr. Lalla Hukani Chund, from Lahore; and Mr. Shufruddin, a Mussulman barrister from Behar, thus covering the whole of India. Other speakers followed, with a five minutes' limit, fervid eloquence and quiet statesmanlike argument alternating in quick succession in a free debate equal in quality to great occasions in the House of Commons. The resolution was carried with great unanimity and enthusiasm.

The second resolution was an "omnibus" one, ratifying and confirming resolutions passed by previous Congresses, calling for the complete separation of executive and judicial functions in the civil administration; extension of trial by jury; reform of police administration; the establishment of military colleges for natives of India; the admission of natives to volunteer forces; the relief of small incomes from income tax; the increase of public expenditure on education, especially technical; reduction of military expenditure; the examination of candidates for the Civil Service simultaneously in India and England; and the relaxation of the Arms Act in districts where destructive wild animals abound. This resolution was moved by a Christian Hindu, Mr. Kali Charan Banerjee, a leading High Court pleader, editor of the "Indian Christian Herald," and the minister of the Christo-Somaj, which calls itself the United Church of India, aiming to unite all Indian Christians in one Church. He delivered a clever and eloquent speech, bristling with Scripture quotations, caught up and loudly applauded by his audience, in further proof of what I observed a few sentences back. The resolution passed without debate.

The third resolution petitioned Parliament to restore the right, formerly possessed by members of the House of Commons, of stating to Parliament any matter of grievance of the natives of India before the Speaker leaves the chair on going into Committee on the Indian Budget statement, and further urged the reasonable request that in future the House would discuss the Indian Budget at such a date and in such manner as would ensure its

full and adequate discussion. This resolution was moved by me, and seconded by Mr. George Yule, who made one of his wisest and most statesmanlike speeches.

The fourth resolution recognised the reforms in Excise revenue promised by the Government of India in response to previous prayers of the Congress, noting "with pleasure" the increase to the import duty on spirits, the taxation imposed on Indian malt liquors, the decision of the Bengal Government to abolish the outstill system, and the closing of over 7,000 liquor shops in the Madras Presidency, and urged the Government to insist on all provincial administrations carrying out in their integrity the policy in matters of excise enunciated in clauses 103, 104, and 105 of their despatch to the Secretary of State for India in March last, in reply to the censure of Parliament carried by Mr. Samuel Smith in March 1888. This note of victory was vigorously taken up by the Congress, who carried the resolution without debate amid loud and repeated applause, and then adjourned till Monday morning.

The Indian National Congress has always refused to discuss social questions. The Committee hold, and rightly, that in a Congress composed of representatives of all the various religious communities of a nation, whose every social custom and domestic institution is based on religious observance or ceremonial, it would not be right or wise to discuss matters which, like widow marriage, the age of consent, or caste rules, effect exclusively a moiety of the community. The Madras delegates, coming from the most enlightened and advanced Hindu community in India, were very desirous of bringing forward a resolution before the Congress itself in favour of the raising of the age of consent. The Subjects Committee, though overwhelmingly in favour of it personally, refused even to discuss it as a possible subject for the Congress on the grounds just stated.

The whole question of child marriage is so pre-eminently the question of the hour in India that greater interest was felt by nearly every delegate in the debates and decisions of the "Social Conference," which for the last four years has met in the great hall on the Sunday of Congress week. This Conference is open to all the delegates, as well as to the representatives of the affiliated societies scattered all over India. At one o'clock on Sunday afternoon more than 1,000 social reformers, including many Indian ladies, were gathered together to form the fourth Indian Social Conference.

Dr. Mohendro Lal Sircar, a distinguished man of science, was the president-elect. He was very ill, and was not expected; but shortly after the proceedings began, he arrived, stating that he had "almost dragged himself from the brink of the grave" in his anxiety to be present. He spoke with much evident suffering, but with rare eloquence. I have seldom listened to a more stirring and pathetic appeal than his reference to child marriage. He declared with authority, based upon long experience, that this horrid custom was entirely to blame for the physical degeneracy of the Hindu race. "If," said he, "the Government left our shores to-day, could Bengal maintain it to-morrow? No! this custom has destroyed that great capacity for work and enterprise which characterised old Hindus, and stronger races would eat us up. Improve the fountain of life, and you may hope to compete with races born of mature parents; but the Hindu race to-day consists of abortions and premature births!" These sentiments were received with universal approval and applause.

The resolution bearing upon child marriage was moved by Mr. Mudholkar, of Amraoti, and seconded by Madan Mohun Moulavi, both popular Congress orators; and the debates on this and every other resolution were conducted by Congress delegates, who formed three-fourths of the meeting. I look upon the decisions of the Social Conference as even more weighty than those of the Congress itself, composed as it is of all its best elements, combined

with other reformers who from various reasons cannot join the Congress. The resolution as submitted is as follows :—

"That this Conference is of opinion *that the injunctions of the Shastras and the well-being of the community alike demand* that the practice of child marriage should be discouraged by public sentiment, and that within the sphere of the various castes and communities strenuous effort be made to postpone *the betrothal of boys and girls beyond the age of ten and sixteen years, and* the celebration of marriage rites till twelve in the case of girls, and eighteen in the case of boys, and the consummation of the marriage till after they attain the ages of fourteen and twenty respectively, and that members of the various social reform associations in the country should, *as far as possible*, pledge themselves to see that these limits of age are realised IN THEIR OWN CASE and in actual practice, and public opinion educated to advance these limits still higher, *so as to secure a return to the best traditions of our ancestors, and avoid the many evils consequent upon the perversion of the old practice.*"

The resolution, as finally passed, omitted all the words printed in italics, and inserted those in capitals. It will be seen at a glance that the whole tendency of the debate, which lasted over two hours, was to strengthen, and not weaken, the resolution. The speakers were from all over India, and singularly representative. They brought out in striking and eloquent speeches the undoubted fact that the early marriage system of the Hindus everywhere is the fruitful source of many cases of immorality and cruelty, which, by existing legislation, are under the protection of law ; that in only too many instances young immature girls are practically murdered by husbands, who escape all punishment, and that thousands of young mothers perish in childbirth, their places being filled by fresh victims. This debate, following upon endless discussion in private during the last six weeks, convinces me that the Government may quite as safely legislate in the direction of raising the age of consent to fourteen as in the case of Suttee.

The other resolutions condemned the imprisonment of women in execution of decrees for restitution of conjugal rights, condemned the outcasting of persons who undertake sea voyages, the detestable practice of men over fifty years marrying girls under twelve, and other matters of minor interest. At the close Mr. C. E. Schwann, M.P., said a few words, and Mrs. Schwann made a charming and sympathetic little speech, which was quite one of the events of the day.

The Congress met again at 11 o'clock on Monday, a good many Dissenting Missionaries of both sexes being present in the visitors' gallery, including Bishop Thoburn, of the American Methodists, and Mr. Ashton, the veteran of the London Missionary Society. The first resolution carried appealed to Government to reduce the salt tax to its old limits before the recent enhancement ; the next dealt with the permanent settlement question, and the animated debates on these two subjects occupied the greater portion of the sitting. Towards the close Mr. Manomohun Ghose brought forward a resolution which had no place on the agenda paper, but which has awakened stronger feeling than any other incident of the Congress. It was seconded by Mr. George Yule. This resolution was as follows :—

That this Congress having observed with surprise a notice, apparently official, in various Calcutta newspapers which runs as follows :—

"THE CONGRESS.

"The Bengal Government, having learnt that tickets of admission to the visitors' enclosure in the Congress pavilion have been sent to various Government officers residing in Calcutta, has issued a circular to all

Secretaries and heads of departments subordinate to it, pointing out that under the orders of the Government of India the presence of Government officials, even as visitors at such meetings, is not advisable, and that their taking part in the proceedings of any such meetings is absolutely prohibited."

And having also considered a letter addressed by the private secretary of his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal to the Secretary of the Reception Committee, of which the following is an exact copy :—

"BELVEDERE, Dec. 26.

"DEAR SIR,—In returning herewith the seven cards of admission to the visitors' enclosure of the Congress pavilion, which were kindly sent by you to my address yesterday afternoon, I am desired to say that the Lieutenant-Governor and the members of his household could not possibly avail themselves of these tickets, since the orders of the Government of India definitely prohibit the presence of Government officials at such meetings.—Yours faithfully,

"P. C. LYON,
Private Secretary.

"To J. Ghosal, Esq.,
Secretary, Congress Reception Committee."

Authorises and instructs its President, Mr. Pherozshah Mehta, to draw the attention of his Excellency the Viceroy to the declaration embodied in these papers, that Government servants are prohibited from attending any meetings of the Congress even as spectators, and to inquire most respectfully whether his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has or has not correctly interpreted the orders of the Government of India.

For the last twelve months it has been abundantly clear all over India that the word of command has gone out to Government servants from the Lieutenant-Governors to the chuprassies that no one in the employ of the State is to give the slightest encouragement to the Congress. In many instances petty annoyances and veiled threats are used to prevent influential people from taking any part in political meetings, and the Congress movement generally is treated as "seditious," and as though it were a grave danger to the State. Sympathisers who have sons at college are told that they stand in the way of possible places in Government service for their lads, and a leading Calcutta barrister tells me that during the last month several Government pensioners have asked his advice as to whether or not they risked their pensions by attending the meetings of the Congress ! When Mr. Mudholkar left for England last spring, for the purpose of advocating Congress matters at home, a friend of his invited some others to his house to give him a farewell and perfectly private dinner. A Government servant was invited and came, and a day or two afterwards was present on the railway platform to say good-bye to Mr. Mudholkar. For this heinous offence he was reported to the Chief Commissioner by the collector, and was sent for to give personal explanations.

On the top of all this sort of thing comes a silly manifesto of the Bengal Government, absolutely forbidding the presence of Government officials, "even as visitors," the Lieutenant-Governor writing a letter to the Secretary of the Congress, definitely applying the official prohibition to the visitors' gallery of the Congress. Mr. Yule, in seconding the resolution I have just mentioned, was justly indignant, speaking of the Lieutenant-Governor's letter as "a gross insolence offered to a body of men whose chief public characteristics are devotion to the Queen and devotion to the true interests of the country, animated by as true and honest a purpose as any official in the land"—a sentence that brought the vast audience to its feet with repeated ringing cheers, sweeping the resolution through without further debate and without being put from the chair formally.

This poor and contemptible policy pursued by the Government is taken up and outrun by the Government newspapers, the most servile in the world. While the *Statesman* and the *Mirror* (Calcutta dailies) print the proceedings of the Congress almost verbatim, the *Englishman*, which arrogates to itself a similar position to that

enjoyed by the *Times* in England, was absolutely silent for the first three days, and on the fourth dismissed a public conference of 1,000 picked representatives from all over India with six contemptuous lines of small print, the only speeches reported by them being delivered by Mr. Yule and myself; as though the editor wished, by selecting two unimportant speeches by Englishmen, and omitting every other, to show their contempt for every native of India who took part in the proceedings. Now the Congress movement is either seditious, or it is not. If it be seditious, the Government ought to suppress it, and they have ample powers at their disposal for the purpose. If it be not seditious, their attitude towards it is contemptible and unworthy of the great traditions of the Indian Civil Service. No one could desire that Government servants should enter into the arena of Indian politics, or sit as delegates to the Congress; but to forbid them to pay a rupee for a seat in the gallery, or accept complimentary tickets for space specially reserved for neutral visitors, is as insulting to the Civil Service as it is to the Congress itself. Lord Connemara was more farseeing than Lord Lansdowne, for when the Congress met at Madras, in 1887, he gave a garden party, as the invitation stated, "in honour of the president, and those distinguished Indians who are the delegates to the Congress." What has transpired since 1887 to justify such a change of attitude on the part of the authorities? I affirm without hesitation that it is impossible to point out a single sentence uttered by a single speaker at any of the six congresses that could by the mightiest stretch of imagination be construed into sedition. So far as the Congress lectures are concerned, we have yet to receive the first complaint from Government. If it could be shown that they talk sedition they would get nothing by it but summary dismissal. Bearing in mind the fact that the very first who would suffer from any damage to the prestige of British overrule, and who would perish hopelessly if it were overturned, are those men who form the backbone of the Congress movement, which, rightly guided and encouraged, would be rather a strong prop to the Government than any weakness, I shall wait with interest to see whether or not this prohibition will apply equally to the ultra-political gathering known in England as well as in India by the name of the "St. Andrew's dinner," the popular resort hitherto of Viceroys and Lieutenant-Governors. The passing of this resolution closed Monday's sitting, which was adjourned to one o'clock, Tuesday.

The last session of Congress was devoted to votes of thanks, which in Indian gatherings are somewhat effusive, sundry formal necessary business, and the settlement of the place where the ensuing Congress was to be held. This latter was left to the Standing Committee to decide, there being rival invitations from Madras and Nagpur. One resolution, however, was brought forward that stirred the Congress to its very heart, and gave rise to the most remarkable discussion of all:—

"That provisional arrangements be made to hold a Congress, of not less than 100 delegates, in England, all things being convenient, in 1892, and that the several standing Congress Committees be directed to report at the coming Congress the names of the delegates that it is proposed to depute from their respective circles."

It had been feared by the inner ring of the Congress that the difficulty of getting high caste Hindus to cross the sea, with all that such a step involves to them, would destroy the representative character of a Congress to be held in England, which for some months past has been discussed, owing to the necessity for giving British politicians an object lesson in what are the real aims and actual constitution of the Indian National Congress. The resolution was therefore brought forward tentatively and cautiously by Mr. Nurendra Nath Sen, the editor of the *Mirror*.

To our astonishment and satisfaction no fewer than fourteen orthodox Hindus, many of them notable for their extreme orthodoxy, sprang up one after the other to make warm speeches in favour of the resolution, and to declare their willingness to go themselves; a Mahratta Brahman bringing down the house by declaring that "history proved beyond a doubt that Mahratta Brahmans had never allowed their political advancement to be hindered by caste rules." A sharp point was given to most of the speeches by constant reference to the Governor's circular, one speaker delighting everybody with a declaration that their "beloved Queen-Empress was far more likely to invite them all to see her at Windsor Castle than to issue a proclamation forbidding her Secretaries of State and her walking postmen from attending the meetings of the Congress." A hearty welcome was promised on behalf of the Indian political agency in London, and the resolution was carried without a dissentient, marking a step in advance on the part of Hindu society of the very deepest significance.

The Sixth Congress was then brought to a close by a well earned and hearty vote of thanks to its president, Mr. Pherozshah Mehta, moved by Mrs. Ganguli, M.D., in a very charming and appropriate manner. That an audience containing at least 5,000 Hindus should rise and cheer a Hindu lady making a speech to 6,000 men would indeed have appeared incredible five years ago—at any rate in Bengal. The President called for and obtained three lusty cheers for the Queen-Empress, and formally dissolved the Congress, which, in spite of the little drawbacks incident to inferior local management, has in no whit fallen behind any of its predecessors in wisdom, judgment, statesmanship, or forensic ability.

The educational policy of the Government, the concession of a free press, and the right of public meeting, have at last produced a generation of Indians filled with the social and political teaching of the most advanced minds of Europe and America, and developed political life for the first time in the history of India. It has given birth to twins; and, like political life everywhere, two political parties have sprung into existence. The Liberal party consists of every man who, as a lad, has been taught English in Anglo-vernacular schools, and grown to manhood under the shadow of the great Indian universities; the Conservative consists of the Anglo-Indian community, and its hangers on, with a few honourable exceptions like Mr. Cotton, the brilliant author of *New India*. The "Liberal" party will win, in the long run, as it always has done in every country in the world. No sane man can even suggest that Parliamentary institutions, as we understand them in England, will be possible or suitable for India for many generations. But the Congress makes no such demand. All it asks is that the native element now admitted to the Legislative Councils of the Viceroy and provincial governors shall be elected instead of selected. Surely it cannot be a hindrance, but only a help, to any Government that its best and most capable citizens should be chosen by their fellows to render assistance in making and mending the laws, and criticising their administration. The wildest Congress-wallah has never asked for more than half the members of the Legislative Councils, leaving the Government with a standing majority by the casting vote of the Governor, while still leaving the Executive entirely in the hands of the British over-rule.

The foolish attitude of the Government towards the Congress, and the unreasonable violence of its official press, cannot retard its progress, and by choking off the more moderate and cautious will only throw its guidance into the hands of the more advanced and enthusiastic of its supporters. It has already forced an appeal to the good sense and calm judgment of England by the projected Congress in London.

If the Congress movement continues to be conducted with the loyalty, patience, moderation, and good sense that has hitherto characterised its proceedings, it cannot be long before the legislative councils of India will at any rate be partly composed of members elected by some constituency which will consist of such of the people as by education and other qualification may be safely entrusted with a carefully-guarded franchise. More than this the Congress neither expects nor demands.

VIEW IN BOTANICAL GARDENS, CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER VIII.

Temples and Temperance at Benares.—A remarkable Temperance advocate.—A Mohammedan Mission to England.—The Missionaries in India.

I LEFT Patna at daybreak on New Year's morning, travelling up to Benares in the same carriage as several pious Congressmen, who intended killing two birds with one stone by including a pilgrimage to the holy city in the same railway fare as the Congress. The train was full of pilgrims, and as we slowly crossed the magnificent steel bridge 1,200 yards long, the pride of the "Oudh and Rohilkhand," the carriage windows were crowded with eager faces to get a first glimpse of what is undoubtedly the most picturesque, as well as the holiest, city in all India. It lies on a lovely sweep of the mighty Ganges, along the crest of a high bank rising 100 ft. above the water. Viewed from the bridge, it presents a panorama of palaces, temples, and mosques, surmounted by domes, pinnacles, and minarets, stretching for nearly three miles.

It is said there are three thousand Hindu temples, great and small, in Holy Benares. Most of these are scattered along the bank of the river, intermingled with noble palaces built by Maharajahs and wealthy merchants, from which descend great flights of stone stairs,

THE SHORES OF THE GANGES AT BENARES.

or ghats, broken into wide platforms, on which are built lovely shrines, bathing-houses, or canopies to shelter preaching fakirs. Long wooden piers project into the river for the use of bathers, and in the early morning these ghats present a scene of marvellous interest, alive with pilgrims from every part of India, in every variety of costume, some up to their waists in the river, others grouped under huge straw umbrellas, crowding round some holy ascetic, or listening to the eloquence of a learned Mahant or preacher.

The whole of this mass of Hinduism is dominated by the sublime mosque, built by Aurangzeb, the Iconoclast, on the sight of the world-renowned temple of Krishna, which he swept away with every other temple in Benares. Soaring 300 ft. into the air, sheer from the water's edge, desolate and neglected, it is no longer suggestive of Mussulman conquest, but rather a monument of that obstinate and indomitable Brahman faith which has lived down Buddha's precepts, Aurangzeb iconoclasm, and the mild and gentle teaching of Christ. But I have not come to Benares this time to study Hindu religious observances, but to congratulate the Benares Total Abstinence Society on the new departure which has

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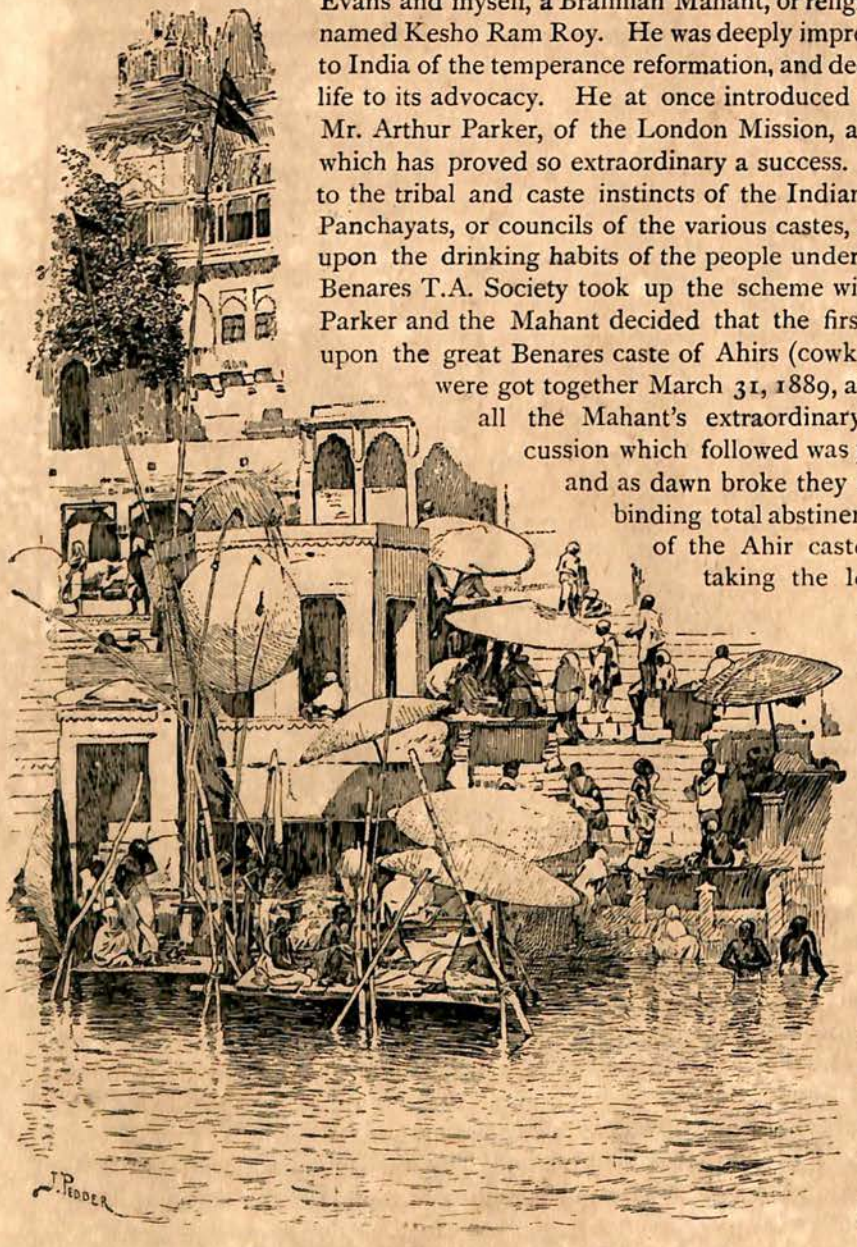
been made under their auspices, and which I hope may be destined to work a mighty reform among the drinking sections of Hindus throughout India.

Just two years ago, at a meeting in the Town Hall, Benares, addressed by Mr. Thomas Evans and myself, a Brahman Mahant, or religious teacher, was present, named Kesho Ram Roy. He was deeply impressed with the importance to India of the temperance reformation, and decided to devote his entire life to its advocacy. He at once introduced himself to the secretary, Mr. Arthur Parker, of the London Mission, and unfolded the scheme which has proved so extraordinary a success. He proposed to appeal to the tribal and caste instincts of the Indian people, and induce the Panchayats, or councils of the various castes, to consider and legislate upon the drinking habits of the people under their jurisdiction. The Benares T.A. Society took up the scheme with enthusiasm, and Mr. Parker and the Mahant decided that the first attack should be made upon the great Benares caste of Ahirs (cowkeepers). The head men were got together March 31, 1889, and were appealed to with all the Mahant's extraordinary eloquence. The discussion which followed was prolonged past midnight, and as dawn broke they decided to adopt a rule binding total abstinence upon all the members of the Ahir caste. So powerful a caste taking the lead, it was easy to get others to follow. On April 25 a caste of village tailors, about two hundred, were gathered in Panchayat by the Mahant, and abjured the use of liquor. May 21, the blacksmiths, reckoned at about 10,000, followed the good example; May 23, a small caste of about 50 families, the Nyarias, came in; in June, the oil sellers; in July, the grainwasters; in August, the Bhars of four villages in the suburbs, and the Rawats; in September, the caste of Katiks in other villages were all brought by the Mahant's eloquence to adopt total abstinence as a caste rule. Other castes were induced to forbid the use of liquor at marriages and funerals, and even Mussulman castes were brought under the influence of the Mahant and his co-workers. The net result of all this has been to pledge

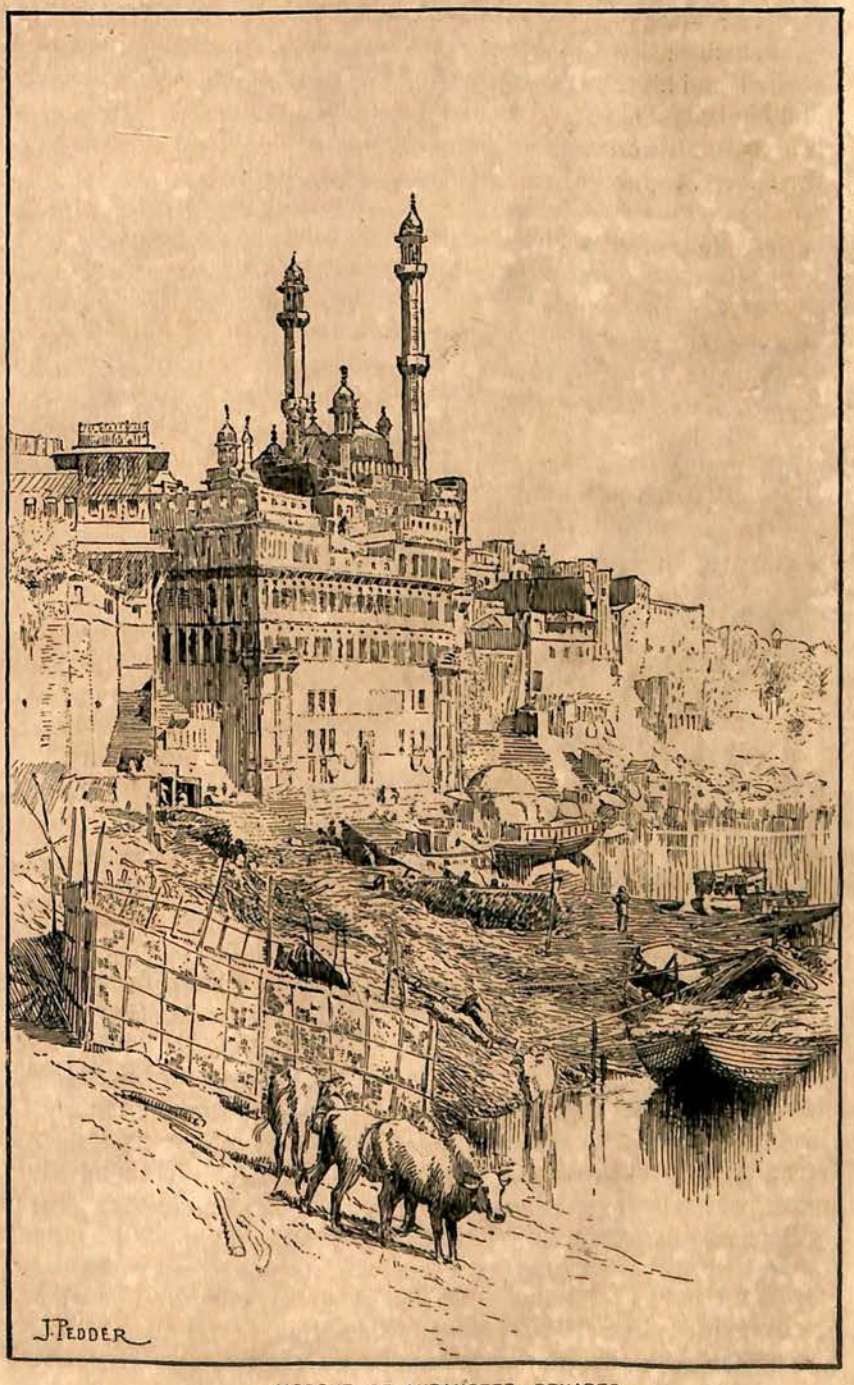


A CORNER ON THE GANGES, BENARES.

40,000 or 50,000 of the industrial classes of Benares to total abstinence. The Ahirs, in particular, were notable for their drinking propensities, and the consumption of liquor immediately fell. The Excise revenue for Benares during the twelve months ending March 31 last, decreased 35,000 rupees, and a considerable number of liquor sellers, shortly after the action taken by the Ahirs, petitioned the magistrates for a reduction in the cost of their licenses.

Here is a translation of the petition—

"Oh, Feeder of the Poor! May God preserve you. Since the last annual sale of licenses, your petitioners have suffered considerable loss, on account of the scarcity of grain. But the chief cause of our ruin is that all the Ahirs, whose number is 25,000, have entirely given up the use of liquor, from which our income has been greatly reduced. For these reasons we find it very difficult to pay up our instalments. But, in addition, the tailors have also given up the use of liquor. The

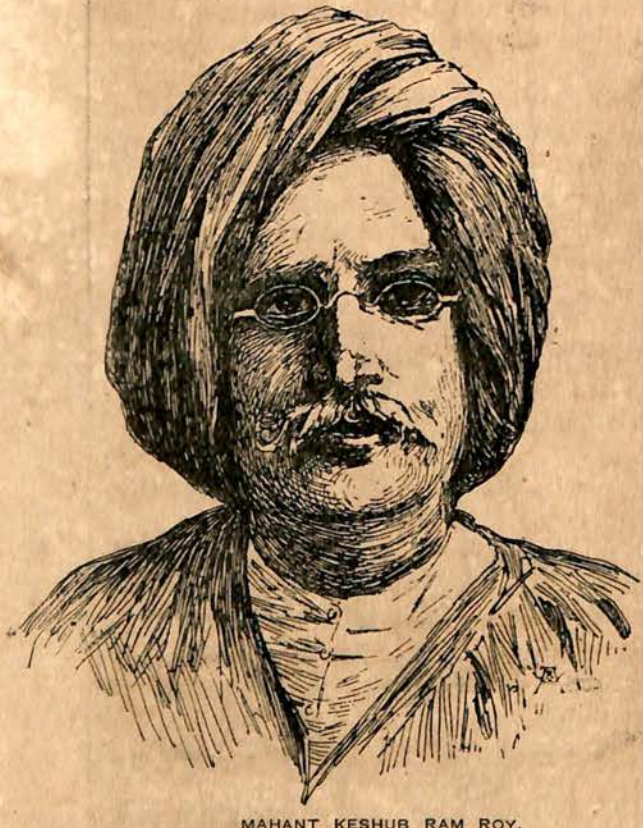


MOSQUE OF AURANGZEB, BENARES.

potters, too, in whose marriage ceremonies large quantities of liquor were used, have resolved to abstain. Further, the blacksmiths are beginning to consult on the same subject. Consequently the sale of liquor is wholly stopped."

The petition then prays for a reduction in the fixed sum to be paid for their licenses.

The Mahant will not rest content till he has induced every caste in Benares to make a total abstinence rule, and the work absorbs his whole time and energy. His house has been robbed, and his life threatened over and over again by the *budmashes* of the liquor sellers, and big bribes have also been offered to him to give up his agitation; but he has stuck bravely to his work with a persistence that has compelled even the Abkari Commissioner of the N.P.W. to recognise it, and stamp it with approval. The example of Benares is being followed by other places, notably at Ahmadnagar and Bellary, where a wealthy merchant, Rao Bahadur Sabapathy Mudeliar, has induced the weavers and other castes to make total abstinence rules, with much the same effect.

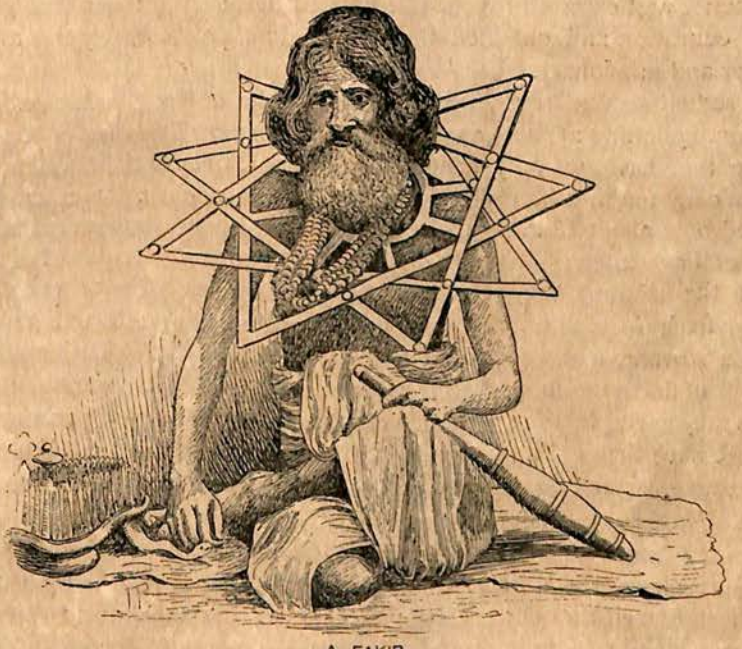


MAHANT KESHUB RAM ROY.

Keshub Ram Roy, Mahant, is the son of a Munshi of the C.M.S. Mission College at Benares. He is fifty-five years of age, a childless widower supporting an aged mother and a brother's wife. He has had a good education, having spent eighteen years, from five years of age to twenty-three, in the schools and colleges of the C.M.S. For eight or nine years he was headmaster of successive day schools, and then entered the service of the East India Railway, reaching the position of station master. He is a high-caste orthodox Brahman, and in 1882, under strong religious convictions, became a Jogi Mahant (a preacher joined to God), taking a public vow of asceticism and consecration, devoting himself entirely to the public preaching of Hindu morality. He has lived since then upon his savings, eked out by coaching students in English, which he speaks fluently. He has now vowed his life to the Temperance cause, preaching total abstinence for four hours daily in different parts of the bazaar to the thousands of orthodox Hindus, who flock to Benares from all over India, devoting the rest of his time to perfecting his organisation among the various caste leaders. Next week he goes to Allahabad for the great Magh Mela, or sacred festival of the Ganges, to which hundreds of thousands of pilgrims resort, where he hopes to scatter seed that will bear fruit in other districts. So far as his work at Benares will permit, he will visit other centres of population and influence, and endeavour to establish elsewhere the peculiar methods which have proved so successful in his native city. A Hindu of Hindus, a Mahant of Benares, the dust of whose feet is sacred in the eyes of every pious Hindu, Keshub Ram Roy is everywhere welcomed with reverence, and listened to with the profoundest respect. He is a cultured man, a perfect gentleman, a

natural orator of remarkable power, a born organiser, a leader of men, and a religious enthusiast. If he has rice and clothes for his two old women and himself, his earthly wants are met, and these are made sure for him by the kindness of friends, which he is not too proud to accept. If his life is spared, he will leave his mark for good on his native land, and give an impulse to the temperance movement in India that will never die.

I met another and very different reformer in Benares, one Hasan Ali, a Mussulman Moulvi, who is travelling through India collecting money for a Mohammedan mission to England, which he is to conduct. Part of the money is to be spent in building a mosque and burial ground at Liverpool, where, according to his statement, forty-nine Englishmen have embraced the religion of the Prophet, encouraging him to believe that England will be open to conversion. He spoke with great enthusiasm at a meeting of Benares Mussulmans, quoting Mr. Quilliam, of Liverpool, as the great apostle of Mohammed in England. He only moved Benares to 100 rupees, but in a chat I had with him he told me he had collected



A FAKIR.

10,000 rupees at Haidarabad, 2,000 at Bangalore, and large sums elsewhere. He may be looked for in London about midsummer.

Some of your readers may remember that in the Missionary controversy which raged two years ago at home I took a hand. I was rather sternly rebuked by some of my critics for venturing to say that if a Salvation Army missionary could live in India on £8 or £10 a year, and a Jesuit on £30, it ought to be possible for unmarried Protestant missionaries to get along somehow on £50, and that without much asceticism. This is now being proved by actual experience, Mrs. Baxter, the wife of the editor and proprietor of the *Christian Herald*, has, I believe, sent out several missionaries into the Indian field, paying them £50 a year. I have seen at least two of them, and find them quite up to the general average in quality, beyond the average in earnestness, quite content and happy, with no talk of hardship. On the *Sutlej* the steamer I came out in, there were two splendid young evangelists, who had been trained at the C.M.S. training home on Clapham Common, going

out for £50 a year—as fine specimens of young Missionaries as heart could wish. It is true they were not "in orders," but orders don't count for much with the Gonds; among whom they were going to work.

At Calcutta I had a long conversation with an old friend of mine, the Rev. W. R. James, who has been in the service of the Baptist Mission for many years. He has for a long time past held the opinion that three or four single men, living together, could do good work and be quite happy with regard to this world's affairs on £60 a year. He came home while the controversy was on, and promptly offered to take out four others, if they could be got, and rest content with sixty rupees per month for each. The Committee agreed to make the experiment, and Mr. James found three students at Haverfordwest Baptist College—Messrs. Bevan, Davies, and Hughes—and one at Regent's Park College, Mr. Norledge, willing to go out with him at salaries of £60 a year, instead of the £150 which they could have claimed as the regulation pay of the Baptist Missionary Society. This act of self-denial is in itself evidence and earnest of the single hearted devotion of these fine young men, who have had the education and obtained the full standing possessed by the average Nonconformist minister and missionary.

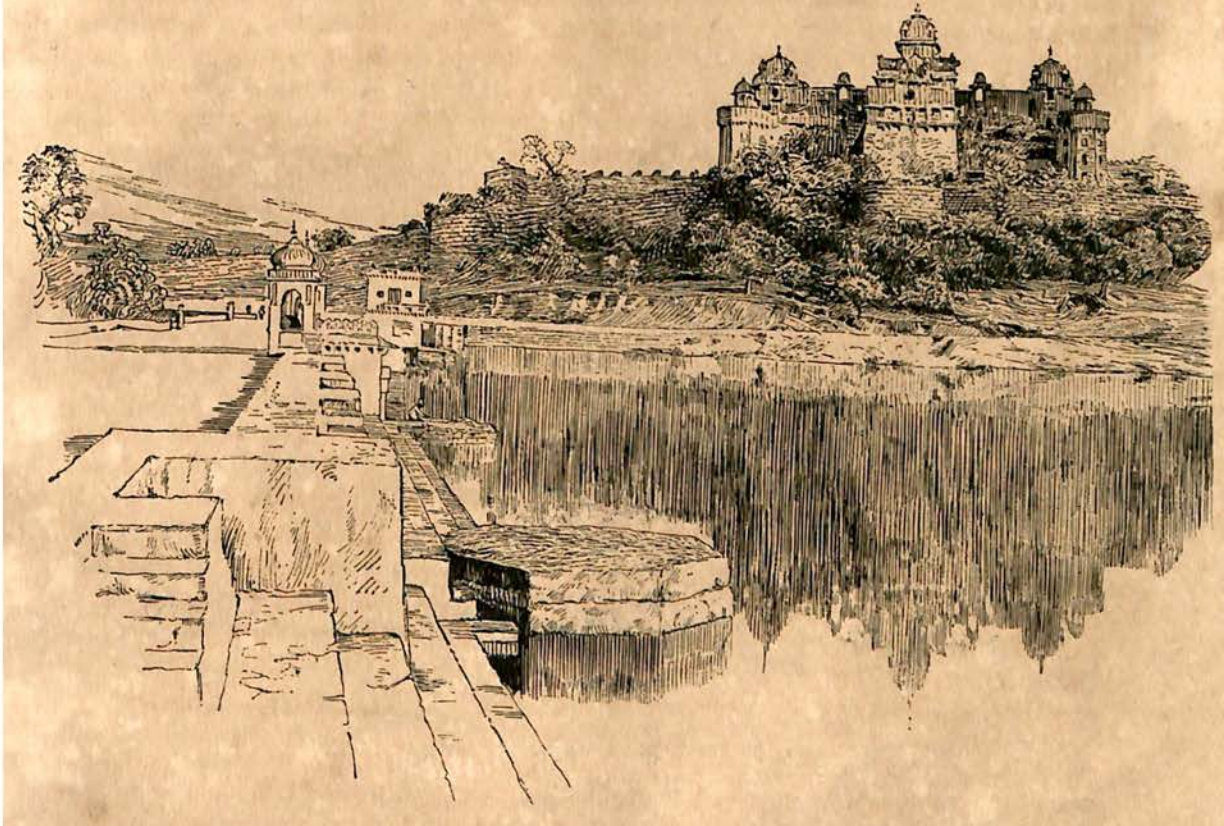
They are settled at Madaripur, a district in the delta of the Ganges, with a population of half a million, including about 3,000 nominal Christians. They have been there a year, and during the time have not only maintained the work, but baptized ninety fresh converts. They all live in common in a bungalow belonging to the society, large enough to provide each with a bedroom about 18 ft. by 16 ft., with bath or dressing-room attached, surrounding a spacious general apartment. They have no lack of wholesome food. Although the only Europeans in the station, they can procure abundant supplies of excellent fish, eggs, poultry, ducks, fresh vegetables, rice, and other cereals; they are able to afford to keep a cook, a table servant, a sweeper, and an outside man. The Mission provides a boat, the only means of locomotion possible. Service and food cost them about 30 rupees a month each, so they have practically half their allowance left for clothing and other necessaries.

The B.M.S. have thus got a mission station with five very capable missionaries, all with full college training, at the same cost as two single men or one married missionary at regulation pay. If this experiment of the B.M.S. succeeds, as it seems to be doing, it will compel a complete revision of the pay and status of single missionaries throughout the whole Indian movement, which, if wisely carried out, ought to double their number, and by imposing the test of self-sacrifice, remove the life of the missionary from the arena of lucrative professions and greatly improve the general average. The religious mind of the Indian, whether Mussulman or Hindu, has always been trained to expect self-denial and asceticism from its religious teachers, which accounts for the great popularity of the Salvation Army wherever they establish themselves. The two best religious services of natives which I have seen since I left Madras were the open air meeting held on Sunday afternoon by the Salvation Army in Wellington Square, Calcutta, and their indoor meeting at their barracks in Bow Bazaar, in the heart of the city. The work in Calcutta is under the charge of Miss Pash, a student of Girton, who has passed the B.A. Cambridge examination, and who threw up a valuable High School appointment to come out to a Calcutta slum and live with two other Salvation lasses in a single room at the back of a hall, on £10 a year each. They have about thirty volunteer workers, including a Hindu M.D., who is one of the most eloquent preachers I ever heard, both in English and Bengali. The Salvation Army is young in India and has yet to stand the test of time; but I am confident that ten years hence it will prove itself as far in advance of the rest of the Christian Church in India as it has done in England, in the practical accomplishment of results.

CHAPTER IX.

Railway Extension in India.—The Cock-pit of Central India.—The Begam of Bhopal.

FOR the last four or five days we have been travelling on the Indian Midland Railway, finished last year for through traffic, whose connecting points are Allahabad, Cawnpore, Agra, and Itarsi, opening up to the ports of India the great native States of Gwalior and Bhopal, and the territory known as Bhandalkhand, a cluster of smaller States. The four lines meet at Jhansi, which bids fair to become one of the most important railway centres in India. It brings Bombay into direct communication, without the break of gauge which previously occurred



between Ahmadabad and Delhi, with the whole of the North-West, Oudh and the Punjaub. Whether viewed strategically or commercially, the I.M.R. is the most important extension of the Indian railway system for many years past. It will greatly assist the Government in the administration of the great cluster of native States now developed by its 700 miles of line, many of which have been more scathed by famine than any other portions of India. It is a 4 per cent. guaranteed line, and takes over two short State railways—Bhopel and Scindhia's—which are now part of its system. The country traversed by this railway has been practically a sealed book to the ordinary cold weather tourist, with the exception of Gwalior, which has

been accessible from Agra for some years. Now the beautiful scenery surrounding Burwa Saugor, the fortified palaces of Datia and Orchha, the sacred Jain Mountain at Sonagir, the memorable fortress of Jhansi, and the splendid Bhuddist monuments of Bhilsa and Sanchi, are brought within the compass of a week's tour.

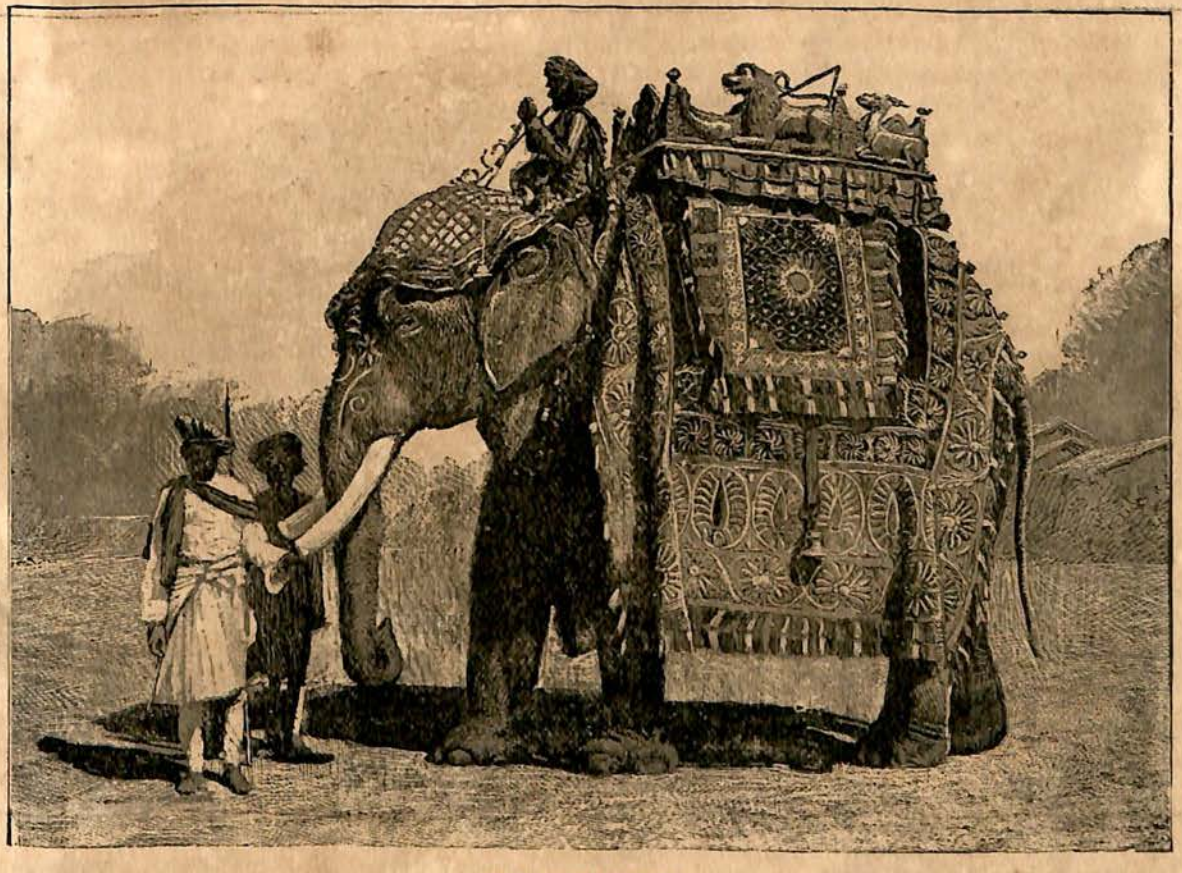
The traffic manager, Mr. W. B. Wright, was good enough to place a composite carriage at our disposal, to be shunted at will at any small stations, in which we have eaten and slept with great comfort, enabling us to save much time, and see portions of the line that would have been impossible to us as ordinary travellers. Although the line has been opened so short a time, Mr. Wright, who possesses great powers of organisation, has got every detail into good working order; excellent refreshment rooms are opened at the principal stations, travellers' bungalows are in process of erection, or already opened, and next winter the comfort of travellers will be as well cared for as on any trunk line in India.

GWALIOR FORT, FROM RAILWAY STATION.

Except at Jhansi, where there are British troops and a host of railway officials, every place on the line is India, simple and unspoiled; British veneer has not yet appeared; the stationmasters and officials are natives, the conveyances waiting at the gates are country bullock carts and gaily painted ekkas, elephants, and even a modern carriage, in which two gaunt camels were harnessed—the funniest sight imaginable. Groups of peasants travelling on pilgrimage or in search of work squat about outside the station, generally arriving four or five hours before the time. Two or three dozen of these groups look wonderfully picturesque in the last fading light of the after-glow, sitting round charcoal fires, cooking the evening meal, at one of the smaller stations between Jhansi and Bhopal.

The great fortress capital of Gwalior State, seldom visited by Europeans, is one of the

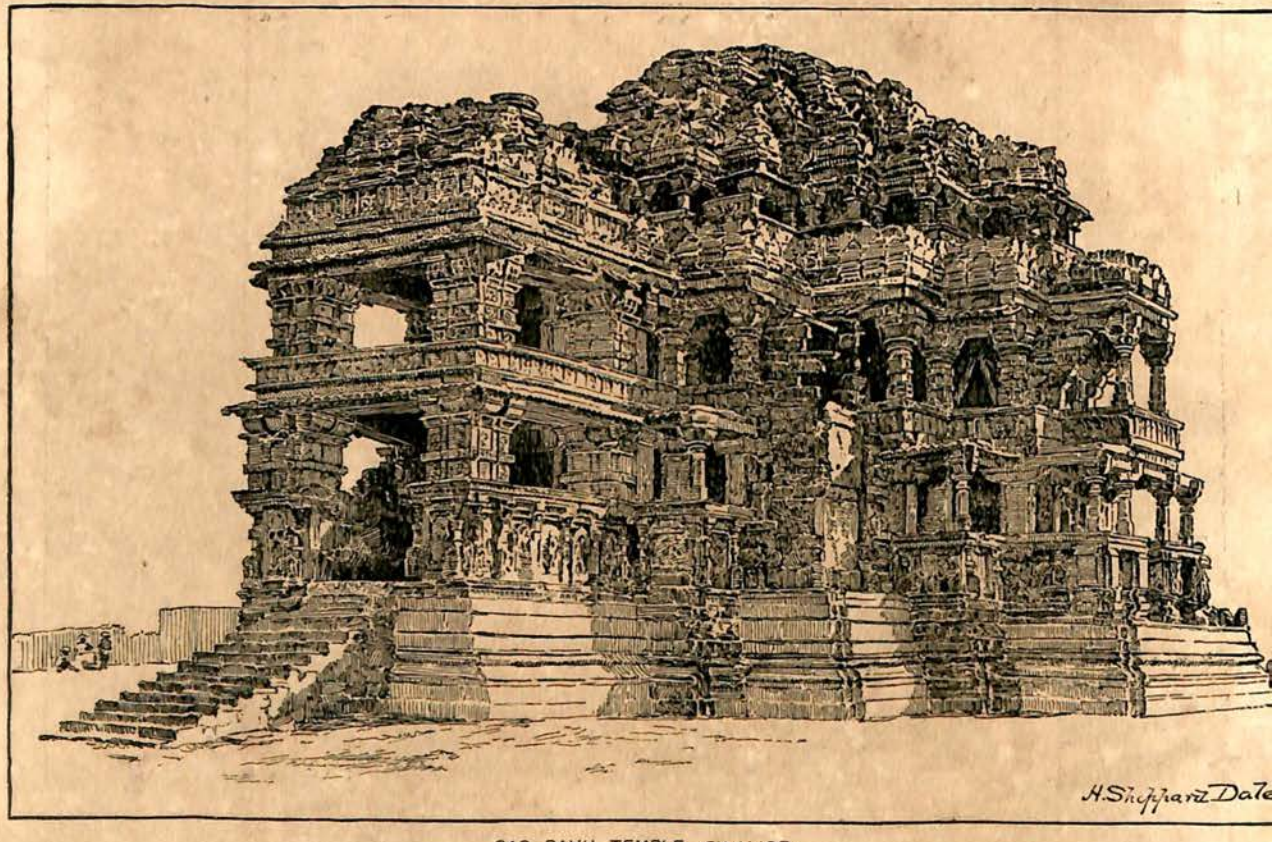
most fascinating cities in India. Lashkar, the modern town, is still a pure native place with wide streets, splendid houses of old Indian style, spread out from the gates of the vast park, six miles round, in the midst of whose greenery glitter the domes and minarets of Scindhia's two vast white palaces, his temple, and his family cenotaphs. The population is mainly clad in garments dyed in "Al," a rich warm orange peculiar to the district. The turbans are mostly Mahratta in character, crimson or dark red, and the women wear indigo petticoats and "Al" saris. I strolled through the city at evening bazaar; the streets were alive with blazing colour, and the houses all decorated in honour of the Maharaja's approaching wedding. The crowd was the most thoroughly "Indian" I have ever seen—the brightly-clad



A STATE ELEPHANT.

people intermingled with bull-carts full of gaily dressed nautch girls, camels and horsemen, elephants with gold-embroidered howdahs, and nawabs in fine carriages, escorted by armed retainers. The main interest, however, is not to be found in the gay modern city, a veritable page from the "Arabian Nights," but in the venerable fortress which has played so great a part in Indian history, the cock-pit of Central India, which has defied many sieges, and been stormed or starved out a dozen times over. It towers over the modern city on an isolated rock of yellow sandstone, 400 feet sheer from the plain—its natural precipices made steeper by scarping, its flanks covered with ancient colossal Jain sculptures, its plateau covered with noble buildings, dating from the tenth to the sixteenth century, whose towers, cupolas, and

domes stand out in strong relief against the sunset sky. The fort itself is reached by a winding road, a vast staircase of successive slopes and steps, half a mile in length, protected by a massive wall, and defended by six mighty gateways. At the top is the superb Man Mandir, a vast palace of sandstone 300 ft. long, the façade of which, towering 100 ft. up from its base, perched on the very edge of the cliff, glistens in the sunlight from every inch of its green and blue glazed tile decorations. The table-land on the summit is about a mile and a half long, and 300 yards at the widest part. It is covered with fine tanks of water and a succession of buildings beginning with the noble Jain and Hindu temples of the eleventh century, and ending with the homely and now deserted dwellings of Tommy Atkins, now



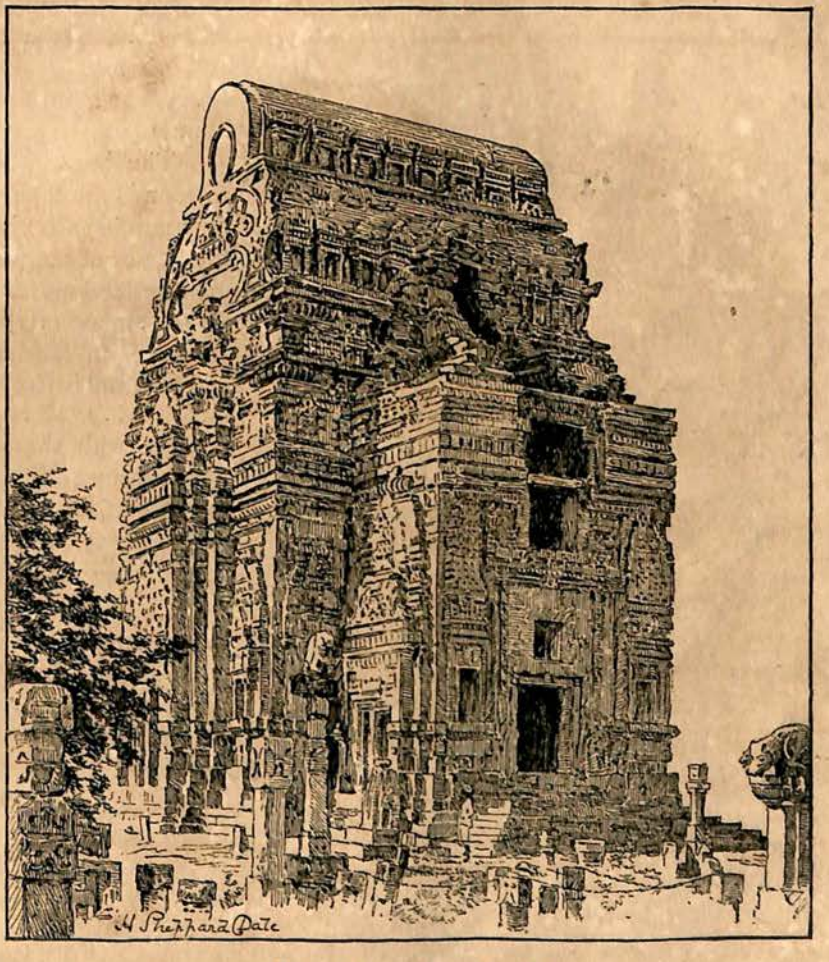
SAS—BAHU TEMPLE, GWALIOR.

removed to Jhansi. The two most interesting buildings are the Sas-Bahu, the cruciform porch of a vanished Jain temple, crowned with beautiful sculptures, and the Teli-ka-Mandir, a Hindu temple, both of which are in excellent preservation, carefully protected from further decay by the British Government.

We were hooked on to the mail train at 9 P.M. at Gwalior, and dropped off the next morning at Bhilsa Station about six o'clock. There is no refreshment-room at this little by-station, and we were preparing to enjoy a frugal repast of biscuits and marmalade, when we were informed that Mr. Wright had sent us down two cooks from Bina, fifty-three miles off, who had lighted a fire on the ballast of the line to prepare breakfast for us. After doing justice to it, we started off for Sanchi, five miles along the line, on a little trolly

pushed at the rate of eight miles an hour by two coolies running barefoot on the rails. Here there is a small siding and station, opened a few days ago, and a large colony of ballast-breakers.

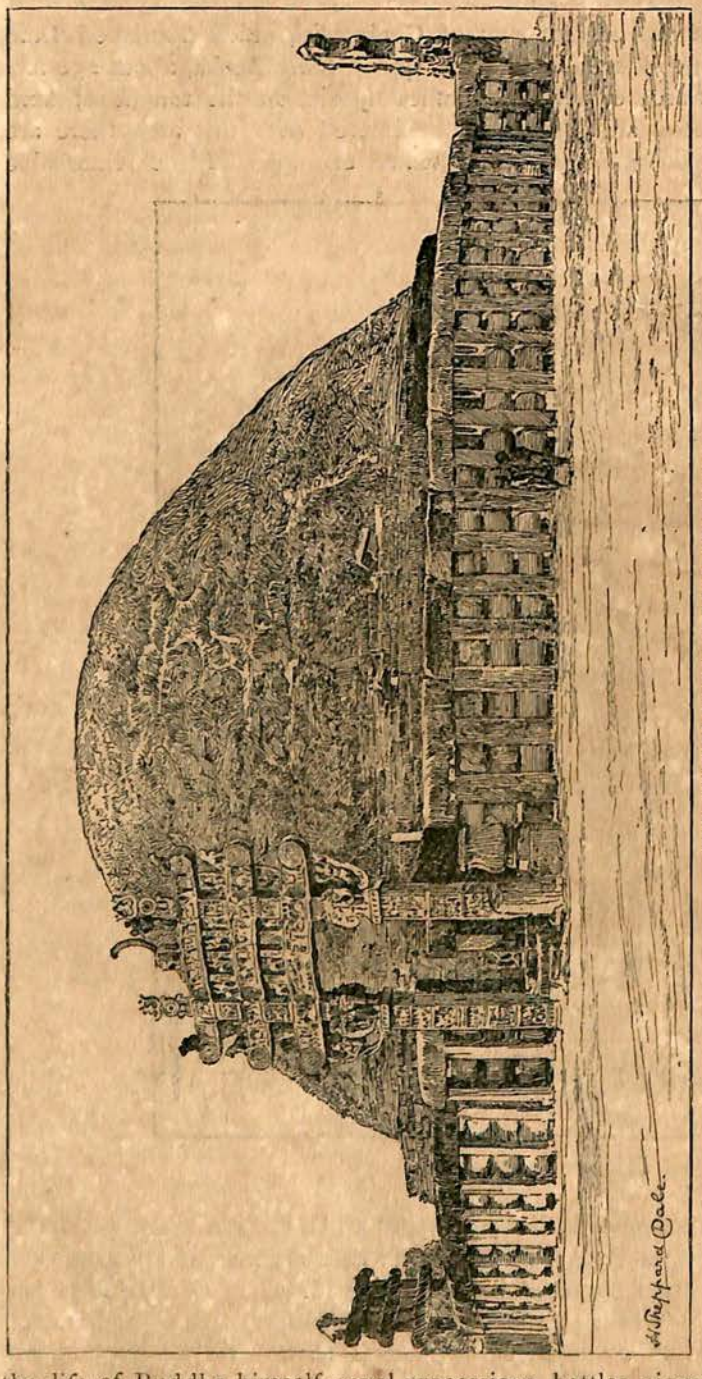
We are now in the heart of the ancient city of Chaityagiri, which flourished from 400 B.C. to 400 A.D., its greatest splendour being reached under King Asoka, about 250 B.C. Tradition says that it covered an area of seventeen miles by six, on the tongue of land formed by the junction of the Betwa and Bes rivers. Scattered over this area there are still left, in more or less preservation, sixty-five individual examples of the remarkable



TELI-KA-MANDIR, GWALIOR.

architecture of the great Buddhist period of Indian history, of which the great tope of Sanchi is the finest ; it is probably the work of Asoka, so far as its best architectural features are concerned. The tope itself is a huge dome of brick, faced with stone, slightly elliptical, 106 ft. in diameter and 42 ft. high. This is placed on a circular platform, 120 ft. in diameter and 14 ft. high, which, surrounded by a sculptured rail, made a walk for worshippers all round the top. The beautiful rail lies in fragments at the base, and it is a pity the Government do not erect and restore it as far as possible. The entire tope is surrounded

by another rail and four sculptured gateways; it is superbly placed on the levelled summit of a beautiful hill about 300 ft. high. All round, on the wide table on which the tope is the centrepiece, are monasteries, gateways, statues, temples, and groups of huge monolithic square columns, that suggest the vast original proportions of this wonderful monument of the great faith which found its transient birthplace in India, and which still is rooted in the affections of a third of the human race.

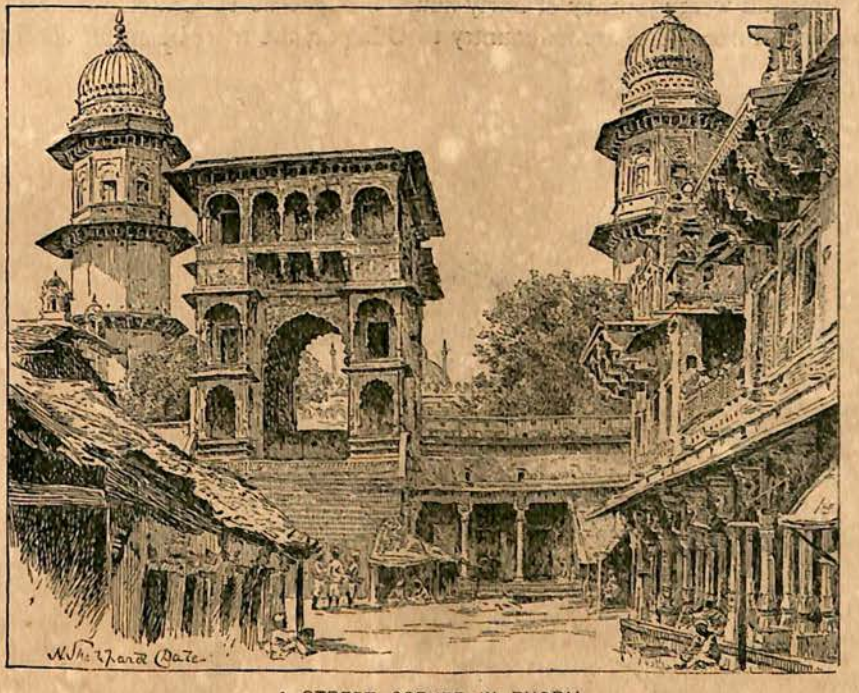


THE GREAT BUDDHIST TOPE AT SANCHI.

The beautiful rail which surrounds the tope was raised by "public subscription," and the names of the pious donors are inscribed in *Pali* characters on the stones of the different sections, an ancient custom still followed in England, where most M.P.'s, at any rate, are familiar with similar decorations around the outside of sacred edifices. But the glory of Sanchi is the four superb gateways by which the colonnade is entered, which are decorated with a series of bas-relief pictures, which for boldness and vigour of design or delicacy of workmanship are unrivalled in the history of Asiatic art, and perhaps only outrivalled in the whole world by the frieze of the Parthenon. They cover the four sides of the pillars and architraves. They are a perfect panorama of the customs of the ancient Hindus. They are not, like every other ancient Indian sculpture, drawn exclusively from mythology; they represent the every-day life of the people. Scenes from the life of Buddha himself, royal processions, battles, sieges, hunts, religious ceremonies, the exterior and interior of houses, apartments with their furniture, kitchens with cooks at work,

dances, gymnastic exercises—in fact, they form a complete series of pictures of the national and domestic life of the Indian people over 2,000 years ago. Situated outside the area of the terrible strifes following the Mughal conquest, in a remote and thinly-peopled country, this superb structure has been spared the iconoclasm of the Mussulman, and has not been treated as a convenient stone quarry for neighbouring cities. Undamaged by the dry climate of the country, the sculptures are as fresh and crisp as when they left the workman's chisel, the marks of which are still evident, even in the finest work.

We visited one other tope only on the same hill, and spent the whole day examining the beautiful details, Mr. Allan making a careful drawing of the main gateway. Its influence upon me has only been equalled by that of the Great Pyramid and Stonehenge, but excelled by neither. I count these to be the three most impressive monuments of the dim and mysterious religious past that the world contains. My last remembrance of the



A STREET CORNER IN BHOPAL.

great Sanchi Tope is that of its solemn, sombre dome, standing out in dense, warm olive against the soft orange after-glow of the departed sun, with the clear-cut edges of the great gateway rising high into the sky as we slowly felt our way down the stony path, looking backward for last glances of a sight we may never see again, but never to be forgotten. As night fell we sat in our lonely railway carriage, dropped for us by a passing train, looking at the camp fires of the stone-breakers, and wondering at the turns of Fortune's wheel—the direct descendants of the citizens of ancient Chaityagiri, with its marvellous civilisation, breaking stones for threepence a day at the bidding of the descendants of the woad-stained worshippers at Stonehenge.

We spent a day in visiting Bhopal, the capital of a native State of about a million in population, the ruler of which is a woman, the succession being in the female line. The Begam of Bhopal is the only remaining female potentate left in India. She is a *purdah*

lady, and never shows her face to men. She has the reputation of being an able and vigorous woman as becomes the daughter of the famous Begam Sikander, who furnished Sir Hugh Rose with a contingent of troops during the Mutiny, standing loyally by the British throughout, and whose last words to the British Resident, as she lay dying, were a message to Queen Victoria of "good wishes for herself, her family, and her throne." The present Begam married badly, and her husband, an Afghan, got her into disputes and difficulties with the British Government, but she is now a widow, and these troubles seem to have passed away with the cause. Bhopal is a handsome native city, on the banks of two beautiful lakes, one of which is dominated by the Begam's huge and tawdry palace and the old fort. The streets, houses, bazaar, mosques, and temples are very picturesque, but the people look poor and lacking in prosperity. From Bhopal we went on by night to Itarsi Junction, on the G.I.P. Railway, where we took a sad farewell of the nice little railway carriage which had been our home. A long and weary journey of thirty hours brought us to Chitor, whence to-morrow we drive seventy-three miles across country to Udaipur, the most beautiful of all the native capitals of India.

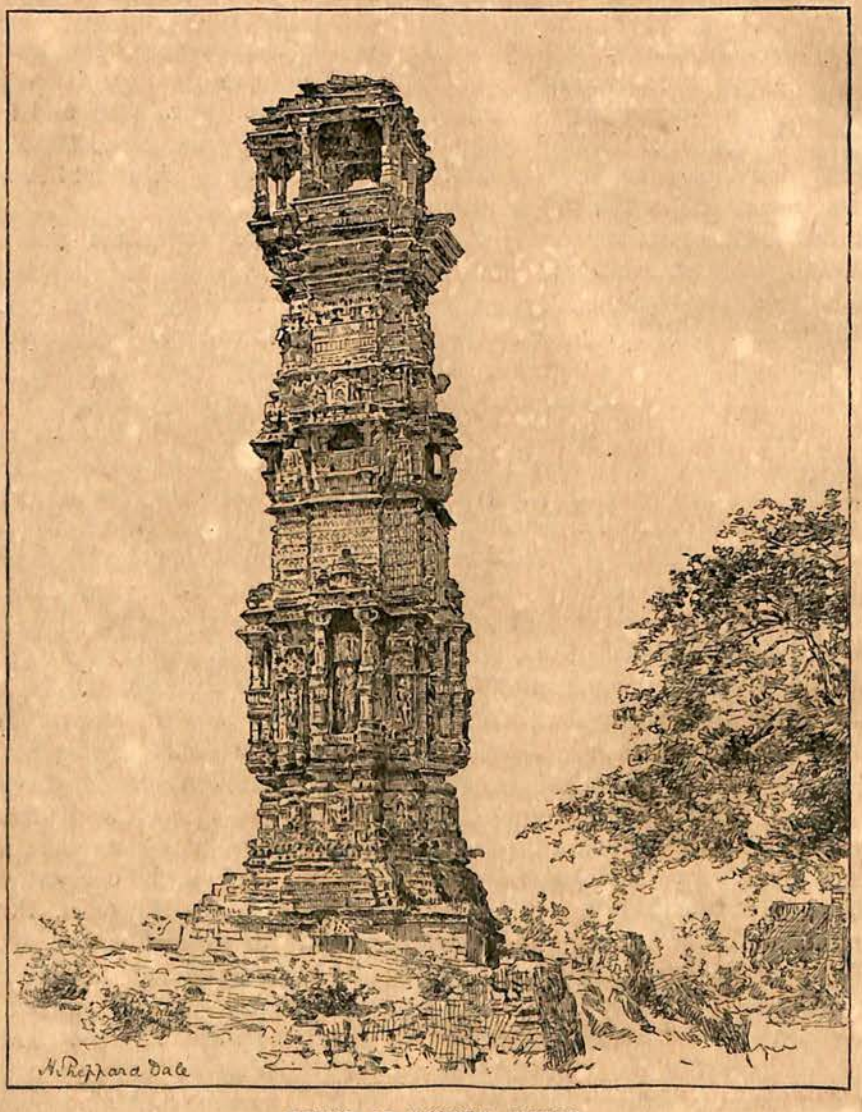
CHAPTER X.

A Week with a Native Prince.—Bird Life in India.—The Indian Venice.—The Walter Hospital for Women.

HAVE spent the last week in Meywar, the oldest independent State in India, whose successive capitals of Chitor and Udaipur have played such a leading part in Indian history for the last 1,300 years. Mr. Allan and I have been the guests of his Highness the Maharana, who wrote to me some months ago inviting me to visit his beautiful and romantic capital, which lies in the heart of Rajputana, seventy miles from rail or telegraph.

On arrival at Chitor Station shortly after midday, we were met on the platform by the Dak agent, who informed us that the Maharana had sent a carriage to bring us to Udaipur next day, and that we were to be his guests for the night at the bungalow, meals having been sent in by his orders. An elephant was also provided to take us up to Chitorgarh, the ancient capital, about four miles distant from the station. The modern town, encircled by a crenellated wall, lies at the foot of a steep rock, rising 500 feet from the plain, on the summit of which, a table-land three miles long and half a mile wide, are the splendid ruins of the great Rajput city, destroyed by Akbar in the middle of the sixteenth century. The precipitous edge of the rock is entirely surrounded by a line of embattled ramparts flanked by great round towers, and the summit is only accessible by one long winding road, defended by seven gates, now in ruins, but all hallowed by traditions of fierce struggles and deeds of valour in the many sieges of Chitor. In the thirteenth century Ala-ud-din, Emperor of Delhi, stormed Chitor, and 8,000 Rajput warriors died fighting along this mile of gateway, while their women performed the awful sacrifice of *Johur*. The subterranean rooms of the palace were crammed with combustibles, and all the women of Chitor, led by Queen Padmani and the Royal Princesses, entered the upper rooms, burning themselves alive rather than fall into the hands of the accursed Mussulman, their husbands perishing in the last rally, leaving nothing but a silent city of the dead for the triumphant victor to enter. Between the third and fourth gates there is a small white marble cenotaph, which marks the spot where the famous Rajput heroes, Jeimal and Putta, fell sword in hand in another *Johur*, 300 years after, when Chitor was stormed by Akbar. The general commanding the defence fell covered with wounds at the gate of the Sun, and his post passed by right into the hands of his son, Putta, a lad of sixteen, whose mother and young bride armed themselves to fight with him, all three dying sword in hand in the breach. Jeimal, a Rajput chief, stepped into his place, and after prodigies of valour was fatally wounded by a ball from Akbar's own matchlock. He lived long enough to be carried back into the fort to order the terrible *Johur*. Every fighting Rajput donned the saffron dress, in which colour they never took or gave quarter, and rushed upon the Mussulman besiegers ; while thousands of their women, with nine queens and five princesses, made themselves a vast funeral pyre in the palace. The reigning Maharana, Udai Sing, had found a refuge in the forest of Rajpipla ; the scattered fragments of his army fled with him to the heart of the Aravali Mountains, where the present capital Udaipur was founded bearing his name. Akbar dismantled the great fortress of Chitor, and razed the city, which has been the wonder of India for 1,000 years, and nothing remains but mounds of rubbish, in the midst of which still stand some of the dilapidated but almost imperishable

monuments of its greatness. The finest of these are the two famous towers of victory, some well-preserved Jain temples and later Hindoo shrines, with the palaces of Bhimi and Khumbo Rana. The oldest of these is the venerable Jain monument, called the Khowasin Sthamba, a remarkable solid, square pillar, 75 ft. high, 30 ft. thick at the base, and covered with sculptured Jain figures, and inscribed with the date A.D. 896. The other tower, built A.D. 1430, is nearly



TOWER OF VICTORY, CHITOR.

130 ft. high. Like the Jain tower, it is elaborately sculptured, and is said to have cost nearly a million sterling.

The road from Chitor to Udaipur is seventy miles in length, and is one of the best in India, constructed by Mr. G. T. Williams, the able State engineer, who has done much to develop the resources and communications of Meywar during the last twenty years. It runs

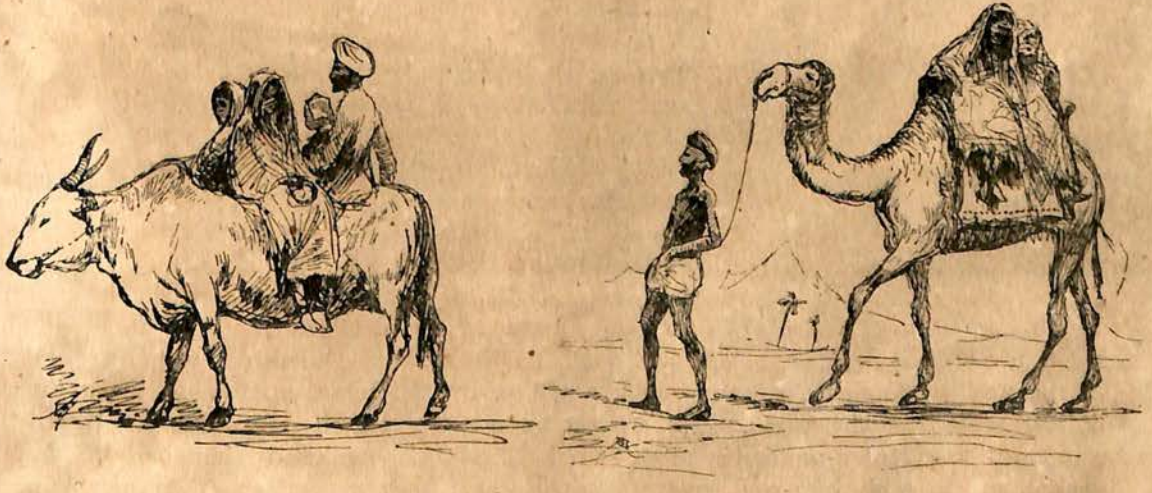
through primitive India, practically unchanged for fifteen centuries. It is a busy road, crowded with traffic, every hundred yards bringing some new interest to a European traveller

Nothing gives more delight in travelling through rural India than the bird life that abounds everywhere; absolutely unmolested, they are as tame as a poultry-yard, making the country one vast aviary. Yellow-beaked minas, ringdoves, jays, hoopoes, and parrots, take dust baths with the merry palm squirrels in the roadway, hardly troubling themselves to hop out of the way of the heavy bull-carts; every wayside pond and lake is alive with ducks, wild geese, flamingoes, pelicans, and waders of every size and sort, from dainty red-legged beauties the size of pigeons, up to great unwieldy cranes and adjutants five feet high. We pass a dead sheep, with two loathsome vultures picking over the carcase, and presently a brood of fluffy young partridges, with father and mother in charge, look at us fearlessly within ten feet of our whirling carriage. Every village has its flock of sacred peacocks pacing gravely through the surrounding gardens and fields, and woodpeckers or kingfishers flash about like jewels in the blazing sunlight.

UDAIPUR SCAVENGERS

The traffic between the capital and the station at Chitor is marvellous and miscellaneous. We travelled in state in a carriage sent over for us by the Maharana, horsed through by the "mail agent" in shifts of about six miles. We galloped from stage to stage, the driver blowing a furious horn, and covered the seventy miles in just seven hours. The horses are little fellows about thirteen hands, more like wild cats than horses, and furnished more accomplished jibbers, kickers, and shyers than I have ever seen in all my life before. One pair fought like demons the whole stage; we christened that pair "Parnell and Healy!" and took it as a good omen that we got safely through.

The ordinary passenger traffic is done by mail tonga, taking twelve hours, bullock carts taking three days, and on every sort of four-footed beast—camels, horses, mules, buffaloes,

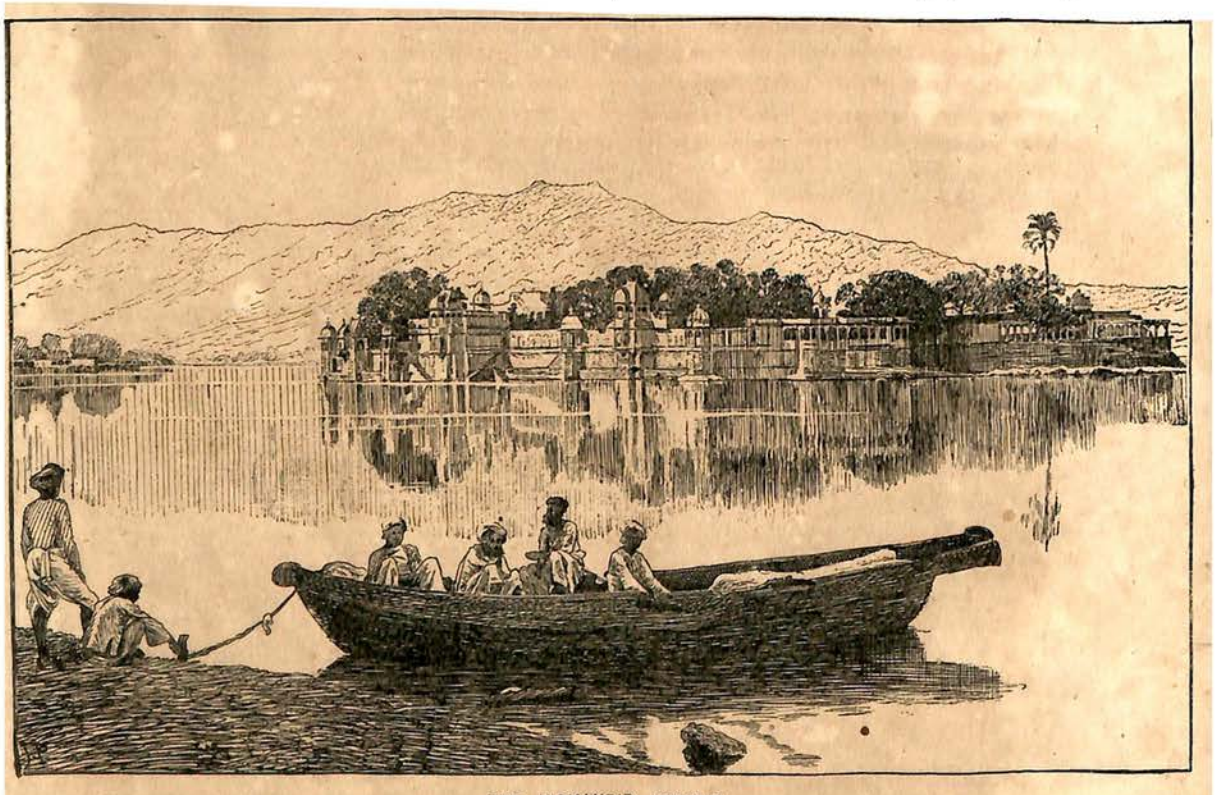


ON THE ROAD TO UDAIPUR.

and cows. We saw one family party of four jogging along on a fine dun cow, whose horns were painted vermilion in honour of the occasion. Of camels there were plenty. They seemed very frequently overloaded, as it was a common sight to see some poor beast down under its burden, with a woolly baby camel making piteous moans over its suffering mother.

They often carry two riders, and we passed a countryman leading about a wife and sister, aged ladies, who veiled their charms as we drove by, a modest custom which in Rajputana is only honoured by the old and homely, the young ladies generally laughing in your face, in all the glitter of their beautiful white teeth and pendant nose rings.

Of foot passengers there were no end. The Rajput, however poor, is a noble and a warlike sight. His dignity cannot leave home unless he is bristling with weapons. A sword, two or three venerable horse-pistols, and fourteen pounds of old iron in the form of a matchlock is his smallest panoply; his turban is the gayest and jauntiest in India, his beard parted in the middle, and brushed fiercely back like the whiskers of a Japanese dragon.

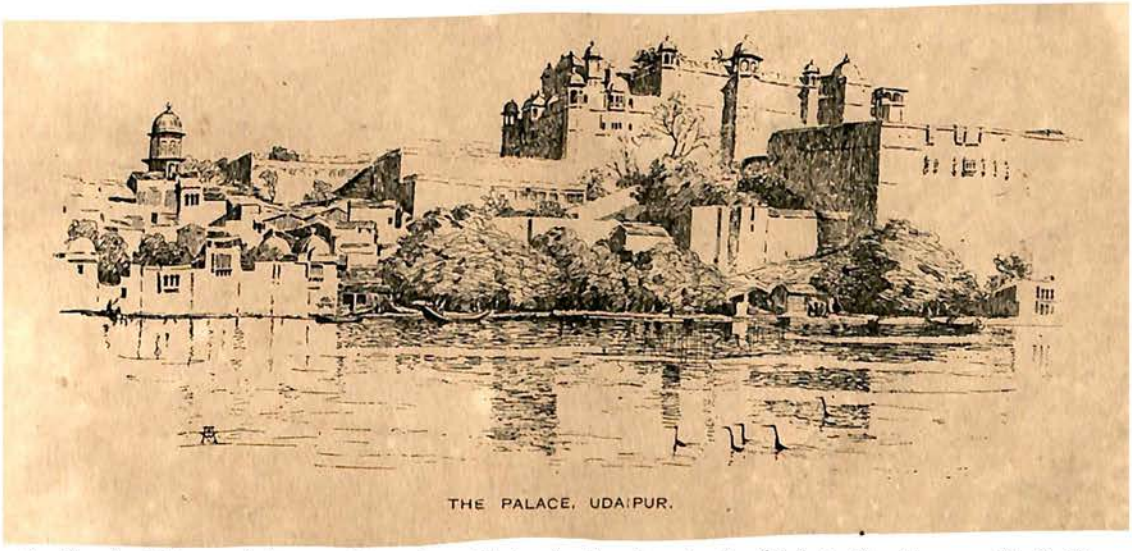


THE JAGMANDIR, UDAIPUR.

He is a peaceable, polite gentleman enough, but if India is ever driven with her back to the wall by foreign foe, the Rajput is still ready for Johur, and would make the bravest soldier in the world. As we got among the Aravali mountains we passed occasional companies of fierce black-locked Bheels, the untamed aborigines of the district, armed with bow and arrows, without which they never leave their mountain huts; the women in red dresses, with coloured lac bangles from wrist to armpit. They are mighty hunters, and will even attack tigers, despatching them with their arrows, long reeds tipped with eight or nine inches of forged iron; they form a large section of the population, and claim the right for a Bheel to hand the emblems of Royalty to a new Maharana at his coronation.

At our last stage we have four horses in our carriage, with a postillion, that we may enter the capital as guests of the Maharana should. On arrival we draw up at the door of a beautiful bungalow on the edge of the lake, the property of Mr. G. T. Williams, the Raj engineer, with whom we stay during our visit.

Udaipur is the loveliest city in India. It is placed on the banks of a superb sheet of artificial water, about four miles long by three wide, narrowing at one end into a river-like bay, half a mile long, on both shores of which the city stands, the vast palace dominating the entrance. No other city I have ever seen has any resemblance, but it is like the grand canal of Venice transplanted to Lake Como. The tank called the pichola lake was made by Udai Sing about A.D. 1570, and is dammed up by a huge bund or embankment, formed of two solid granite walls, 50 feet high, from 16 to 24 feet thick, 100 yards apart, the space between being filled in with clay, and planted as a beautiful garden. The dam is 340 yards long. The lake is full of fish, and alligators and huge turtles abound, basking at noonday on the shores and islands. No boats are permitted on the lake, except a few belonging to the Maharana, which were at our disposal; and we explored every corner of



THE PALACE, UDAIPUR.

the lovely lake and its marble-palaced islands, the finest of which is the Jagmandir, built in A.D. 1630, as a residence for the exiled prince, afterwards the Emperor Shah Jehan, who at the time was playing the part of Absalom. This fairy-like island has additional interest from having been a haven of refuge to the English fugitives from Neemuch and Indore during the mutiny in 1857, where they were most hospitably entertained in its white marble palaces by our staunch friend and ally, Maharana Saurup Sing.

The view of the city from the lake is simply enchanting, and no words can do justice to it—the vast palace rising terrace upon terrace, with a façade of half a mile, the topmost pinnacles 300 feet above the water; beyond it the snow-white temple of Jagganath dominating the white city, whose foundations are marble palaces and ghats, and whose roof is one hundred marble shrines, all bathed in the rosy light of the Indian sunset sky; and, doubled in the glassy surface of the lake, is the picture of dream-like beauty which Mr. Allan hopes to bring home with him on canvas, and which is imprinted on my own memory in imperishable colours.

The day after our arrival we paid a visit to his Highness Maharana Fateh Singh,

G.C.S.I., the chief of this venerable feudal State, the seventy-eighth in lineal descent of the oldest dynasty in India, dating from the sixth century, the only one that never submitted to the yoke of the Mughal, and that never married a daughter to its Emperors. He is a

H.H. THE MAHARANA OF UDAIPUR.

demigod of the Hindu pantheon, and is an object of worship. He is the representative of the ancient solar race, and the lineal descendant of a triple royal line, coming down in direct line from Rama, the legendary hero of the great Hindu epic, from the Sassanian

Kings of Persia and from the Roman Cæsars. His crest is the sun, and he is always painted with an aureole. He is the Vice-Regent of Siva and a Grand Commander of the Star of India! In reality, he is a handsome, courteous Indian gentleman, the boldest rider and keenest sportsman in the empire, a shrewd, careful statesman who devotes six or seven hours of close work daily to the affairs of his two million subjects and his fifty-two feudatory nobles. I had two private audiences with him of over an hour, and on taking my leave he gave me his portrait. He takes a close interest in all that is going on at home, and wanted to know all about Home Rule and the Parnell trouble. He lives a quiet, simple life, neither drinks nor smokes, is the husband of one wife, and a pattern to his nobles of all the domestic virtues. He is beloved by all his people, and enjoys the unlimited confidence of the Viceroy and his Council. His palace is undoubtedly the most striking and majestic in India. It is entered from the main bazaar of the city by a huge gateway opening out on a wide terrace overhanging the park, supported by a triple row of arches. Our first visit was on the Maharana's fortieth birthday, and this terrace was thronged with a gay and brilliant crowd of nobles, retainers, horsemen, and elephants, and on the noble flight of marble steps leading up to the palace door were three or four hundred boys, the scholars of the Maharana's High School, in silks and turbans every colour of the rainbow, come with their masters to present an address of congratulation. The main portions of the palace are from three to four hundred years old, and the apartments are maintained as they were in the sixteenth century. The ante-chamber of the Maharana's reception room, hung with tapestries and carpeted with the finest loomwork of India, thronged with nobles and courtiers, was like a scene from the "Arabian Nights." At the Maharana's orders, we were conducted through all the state apartments, which were on the topmost storey, grouped round beautiful gardens. It was wonderful, after climbing staircase after staircase, to come out on gardens bright with flowers and sparkling fountains, shaded by great orange trees, surrounded with white marble arcades and cupolas.

Our guide, philosopher, and friend during our visit was the Court Historian and Poet Laureate, Mahamahopadhya Shyamal Das—the long prefix signifying "Oh, Great! oh, Greatest of the Learned!"—a cultivated old Rajput, with long white beard, most picturesquely dressed in green silk coat, white muslin sash, turban, and trousers. He has just completed a comprehensive history of Meywar, in four volumes of 800 pages each.

THE POET LAUREATE.

In his company we visited the city, which boasts of being the cleanest in India, and with some justice, for it is vigorously swept all day long by women. I saw a touching bit of maternal affection on the part of one of these poor sweepers, the lowest caste of all castes. She had thrown her sleeping baby across her shoulders with arms and legs extended, doing her weary work stooping all the while lest her precious burden should fall. The men of Udaipur all wear a curious silver charm suspended round the neck, with a repoussée image of Siva or some other god.

We drove out to see the famous burning-ground of the Royal family of Meywar, where, in a beautiful walled garden, are hundreds of cenotaphs, great and small, marking the spots where the bodies were burned. The finest is the one erected over Singram Singh, a famous Maharana, who was burnt A.D. 1733, with a *sati* of 21 of his wives. The Mahamahopadhya

also took us to see the Victoria Hall, a new museum built by the Maharana at a cost of £10,000 in honour of the Queen's jubilee, where we saw a succession of pictures by the hereditary Court painters of 400 years, the public gardens, the women's hospital, the great marble temple of Jagganath, the zoological collection, and all the other sights of the place.

The Walter Hospital for Women is one of the oldest in the country, and, I think, was the earliest to come under the Lady Dufferin scheme. It is a new building, and for its size is the best appointed little hospital I have yet seen in India. It has twenty beds, and the average number of in-patients is fifteen daily, and of out-patients about thirty. It accepts boys up to twelve as well as women. There were ninety-seven operations performed last year. The surgeon in charge is Mrs. Lonergan, the widow of a late officer in the Maharana's army. She qualified at Madras in 1878, the same year as Mrs. Scharlieb, with two other ladies, making the first group of women qualifying in India. She is a charming and accomplished lady.

It is impossible to exaggerate the blessings to the women of India which flow from the Lady Dufferin Fund and the women doctors it is planting down all over the empire. The

SILVER CHARM.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

fund has reached £82,000, £60,000 of which is invested, and there is a large income from subscriptions. The Maharana of Udaipur was among the earliest benefactors to the fund. There are now thirty-one fully qualified ladies established by the fund in different centres of India, seventy-two missionary ladies practising, with various degrees, with 192 female students at the various schools of medicine in India, to say nothing of those at home who may come out here. The women of India, not permitted to see male doctors, are at the mercy of unqualified female quacks, who often inflict untold suffering on their unhappy patients. No rich man can do better with his spare cash than by sending a good slice of it to Lady Lansdowne at Government House, Calcutta, for the female hospitals and dispensaries of India.

Every day the Maharana sent us from his garden the most delicious fruit, especially oranges, for which Udaipur is famous, and baskets of roses and other flowers. Udaipur is a beautiful jewel, set on one side by the lake and on the other by a stretch of three miles of gardens. Roses, jasmine, scarlet hedges of poinsettias, convolvulus with bells six inches across, and a hundred other flowering shrubs and trees, fill the eye with colour and the air with scent. In all my travels no place has made such an impression upon my sense of

beauty as this marvellous city of Udaipur. Mr. Allan refuses to come away, and we have parted company. His pictures will brighten the spring exhibitions of 1892.

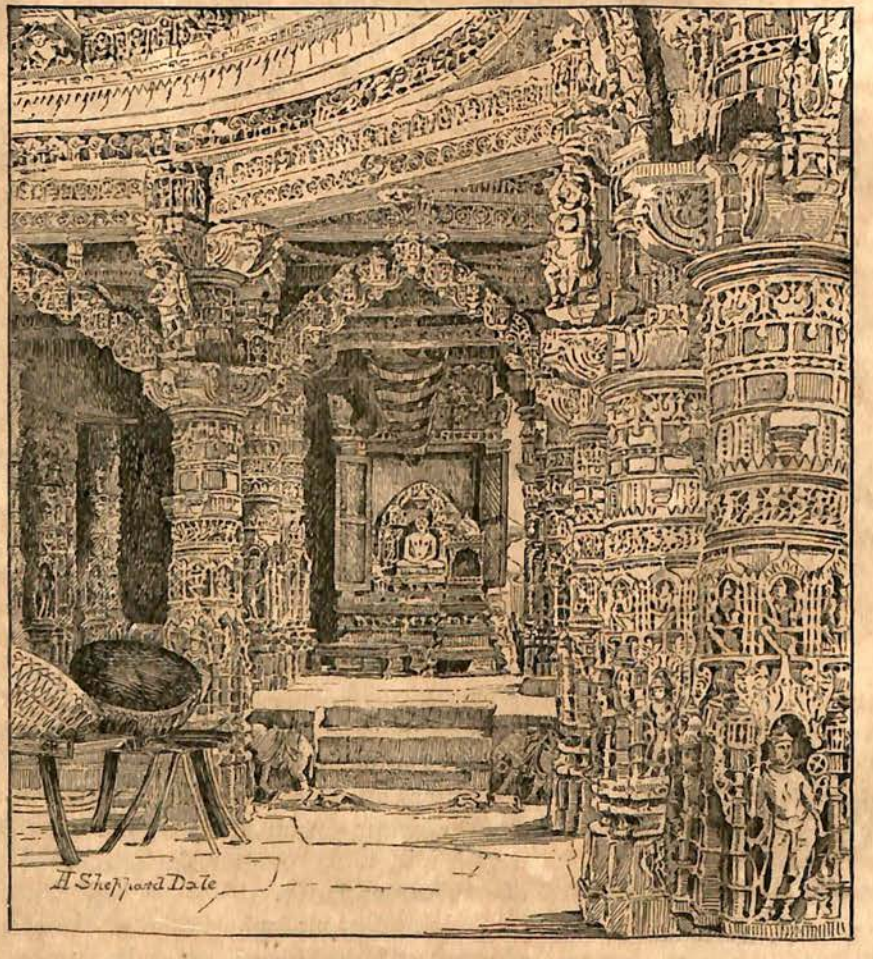
The native capitals of India are great in processions. We were fortunate enough to see the Ranee leave the city on a pilgrimage of sixty miles to Charbhuja, the shrine of the four-handed Vishnu, accompanied by her son, the heir to the throne. The procession was headed by the young prince with his uncle and tutor, in a carriage and four, accompanied by runners carrying crimson umbrellas, and escorted by a company of lancers, with gay pennons fluttering from the points; then came a number of camels and elephants laden with tents, servants, and other paraphernalia. Then six elephants with rich trappings, their hides painted in bright designs, the crimson howdahs filled with the Ranee's personal female attendants. Following these, preceded by silver umbrellas of State, were five splendid palankins, carried by liveried bearers, curtained with crimson silk, in which the Ranee and her four daughters rode, closely secluded from profane eyes. Behind these palankins came a string of carts, with red canopies, each drawn by four white bulls, whose horns were painted red; then followed another company of lancers, more elephants, a score of nobles on horseback in gorgeous attire, a company of infantry, a company of cavalry, with a band of music closing up the rear. The Maharana preferred a week's hunting to a pilgrimage, and left the same day for a hunting-box in the mountains, where he and his friends will enjoy boar hunts and tiger shooting. I was invited for a day's pig-sticking, but as I should probably have stuck myself I asked for permission to fish Lake Pichola instead, which was promptly granted, and I caught a dozen good fish, from 4lb. to 10lb. each, trolling with a small spoon. They were *Digri*, an ungainly monster with a wide mouth and long whiskers, *Lanchi*, a handsome blue fish of excellent table qualities, and the gamesome *Mahseer*, which fights almost as well as a salmon. The sport was enhanced by the beautiful scenery, the picturesque ghats of the city, and the wonderful bird-life of the lake. During the Maharana's frequent hunting expeditions affairs of State are well looked after by the Dewan, or Prime Minister, indeed, the one and only Minister, Rai Mehta Panna Lal, C.I.E., a Jain of old Rajput family.

DR. LONERGAN.

THE DEWAN.

I left Udaipur reluctantly at the end of the pleasantest week I ever spent in India. The wild cats brought me safely to Chitor, and twelve hours in the train to Abu Road, whence I travelled sixteen miles in a jinrickshaw to the top of Mount Abu to see the marvellous Jain temples of carved marble, built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, at a reputed cost of eighteen millions sterling. I am 5,000 feet above the sea, writing this letter, wrapped up in a thick ulster. This morning the ice was one-eighth of an inch thick

in a tank in the yard, and at 2 P.M. my thermometer registered 104 deg. in the sun. The changes of temperature in the twenty-four hours anywhere in India are very great. In yesterday's *Pioneer* the daily meteorological table records 136 deg. in the sun's rays and 39·8 deg. during the night within twenty-four hours. Next week I sail for England, and I will bring this series of letters to a close, with a brief history of the Congress movement from its inception in 1885.



INTERIOR OF THE MOUNT ABU TEMPLE.

CHAPTER XI.

History of the Congress Movement.

THE Congress movement is the first organised effort known to India and to the Indian people in which the whole population may be said to have combined to make an appeal to England. On many occasions meetings held in the various Presidency cities have addressed the British people, as for example in the 60's, when Madras petitioned Parliament for reformed councils, and towards the end of the 70's, when a great meeting was held in Bombay, the precise object of which was to obtain reformed councils with an elective element. 1885, however, was the year in which, as we have said, the first combined effort was made. In March of that year a meeting of representative men was held, at which it was decided that at the following Christmas a conference composed of delegates from all parts of the Bombay, Bengal, and Madras Presidencies should be held at Poona. Partly as a result of the proposed conference, and in view of the General Election being held in that year, three delegates, one from each of the Presidencies, were sent to England to plead the cause of India before the constituencies. The great attention which their efforts attracted reacted upon the people of India, and as a consequence at the time appointed about 100 gentlemen from all parts of India assembled to discuss Indian grievances, and to suggest what should be done with regard to them. Owing to the cholera breaking out at Poona the meeting was held at Bombay, that city being then, to a much greater extent than at present, the chief political centre of India. Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee, of Calcutta, was elected President, and in the course of his opening address he briefly set forth the objects of the Congress under the following heads :—

(*a*) The promotion of personal intimacy and friendship amongst all the more earnest workers in our country's cause in the parts of the Empire.

(*b*) The eradication by direct friendly personal intercourse of all possible race, creed, or provincial prejudices amongst all lovers of our country, and the fuller development and consolidation of those sentiments of national unity that had their origin in their beloved Lord Ripon's ever memorable reign.

(*c*) The authoritative record after this has been carefully elicited by the fullest discussion of the matured opinions of the educated classes in India on some of the more important and pressing of the social questions of the day.

(*d*) The determination of the lines upon the methods by which, during the next twelve months, it is desirable for native politicians to labour in the public interests.

The Congress sat for three days, and in the course of its proceedings passed resolutions which

(1) Begged that a Royal Commission of inquiry into the working of Indian Administration, both in India and in England, should be appointed.

(2) Urged the abolition of the Council of the Secretary of State for India.

(3) Pointed out the need for the reform and expansion of the Supreme and Legislative Councils, such reform to give members the right to ask questions ; and that a standing committee of the House of Commons should be constituted to receive and consider any formal protests that might be recorded by majorities of such councils against

the exercise by the Executive of the power which would be invested in it of over-ruling the decisions of such majorities.

(4) Urged that simultaneous examinations for first appointments in civil departments of the public service should be held in England and in India.

(5) Condemned the proposed increase in military expenditure.

(6) Urged retrenchment, the re-imposition of the customs duties, and the extension of the license tax.

and (7) Deprecated the annexation of Upper Burmah.

It is not going too far to say that the proceedings of this Congress attracted universal attention in India, and led to the appointment of local committees in every part of the Empire.

At the second session of the Congress held at Calcutta in 1886, presided over by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, nearly 500 delegates were present. These had been elected at public meetings and by various public bodies, and the gatherings thus assumed a representative character. It is worthy of note that at this time the Congress was looked upon with great approval by some of the highest officials in the Empire; rumour says that even the Viceroy (Lord Dufferin) himself looked upon the organisation with a kindly eye. It was thought that both officials and non-officials could meet together in a sort of informal Parliament, that these matters of greatest interest then before the Indian public could be thrashed out, and the Government be thereby placed in possession of much information in regard to the feelings of the people. It apparently was not realised that men who have an opportunity to display their remarkable capacity for discussing public affairs would be content long to remain without any power. Lord Dufferin, who was in Calcutta at the time the Congress was held, showed his friendly regard to the organisation by inviting some of the Mohammedan delegates selected from all parts of the Empire to Government House, where he showed them much cordiality.

The programme of business done at that Congress differed from the proceedings during the first session in these particulars:—

(1) A resolution was passed recognising the increasing poverty of vast numbers of the population of India, and expressing the conviction that the introduction of *representative institutions* would prove one of the most important practical steps towards the amelioration of the condition of the people.

(2) Amplified its views in regard to the reform of councils by placing on record an outline scheme of the way in which a constituency could be called into existence, and defined the business which should be performed by such enlarged and reformed councils.

(3) Several minor reforms in the shape of the extension of trial by jury, and the granting to accused persons the option of demanding a committal to Sessions Court, with a request to Government that complete separation of executive and judicial functions had become an urgent necessity.

and (4) A system of volunteering open to all India inhabitants of the country was sought.

A proof that the idea of a Congress which should unify the Indians and lead them for the first time in their history to combine as a nation was being realised, was to be found in a leading article of the *Times* newspaper, published on the day appointed for the assembling of the Congress. In that article the *Times* characteristically pronounced against the movement, poured upon it unmitigated contempt, and declared that the object its promoters had was

simply a selfish one, and that after all only a trifling percentage of the Indian people were in any way interested in what was proposed to be done.

To a much greater extent than in the preceding year the Congress, during the twelve months intervening between the sessions, took hold upon the units at large, though a cleavage in the ranks became apparent in the opposition which some Mohammedans were beginning to express to the movement. It was evidently felt by them that in any scheme of representation, Mohammedans being in a minority of one to four compared with the Hindus, their interests might be supposed to suffer. The Congress, in their draft scheme propounded in Calcutta, proposed to guard against this by a careful arrangement that the rights of minorities should be respected. Under the guidance of Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, of Aligyrh, in the N.W.P., the Mohammedans refused to see any merit in this scheme, and arranged themselves in stout opposition to the Congress.

Madras was selected as the place of meeting in December 1887. In view of the Mohammedan opposition it was felt desirable, if possible, that a gentleman of the Moslem faith should be president. In the person of Mr. Budrudin Tyabjee, a leading barrister of Bombay, a most excellent president was found. His speech, in opening the proceedings, was characterised by sound judgment and comprehensiveness. He bore testimony to the loyal objects of the Congress, and indicated the many ways in which, if the objects desired could be carried out, the Government and the country would greatly benefit. All the leading Hindus and many of the chief of the Mohammedan residents in Madras attended the Congress either as delegates or as supporters. Among the former was Raja Sir T. Mada Row, who, in his opening address of welcome to the Congress, declared the organisation to be the "soundest triumph of British administration, and a crown of glory to the British nation." Here, again, the proceedings lasted three days. The resolutions submitted were much the same as in previous years, with the exception that nothing was said about the appointment of a Royal Commission, or the abolition of the Secretary of State's Council. The Government were called upon to elaborate a system of technical education; and it was urged that the taxable minimum for incomes rated to the income tax should be raised to Rs. 1,000. Complaint also was made as to the hardship caused by the Arms Act, and a request was made that Government should modify its provisions.

The proceedings at the Madras meetings were destined to create no little commotion in India. Following the practice it had adopted at its first meeting, the Congress published a verbatim report of its proceedings. Bound up with the Madras report were copies of two pamphlets which had been printed and largely circulated in the various vernaculars of India. One was entitled "A Catechism respecting the Indian National Congress," and written by Mr. Viraraghava Chariar, B.A., of Madras; the other was "A Conversation between Movi Farid Ud Din, M.A., B.L., Vakil (Barrister), of the High Court, practising in the Zillah Court of Hakikatabad and Rambaksh, one of the Mukaddams (chief villager) of Kambakhtpur," anonymously published, but its authorship was an open secret, having been written by Mr. A. O. Hume, C.B., the General Secretary to the Congress. These pamphlets contained a description of what the Congress might hope to achieve, and the benefits which would result from the adoption of its programme. Nothing of the kind, however, had before been published in India, and in that despotically ruled land fair criticism and reasonable hopefulness were looked upon as seditious writing and treasonable dissensions. There was a great outcry in certain of the Anglo-India papers against them. The second pamphlet led to a correspondence between Sir Auckland Colvin, Lieut.-Governor of the N.W.P., and Mr. Hume. Considerable attention was attracted both in England and in India to this

correspondence, and it was principally owing to the ferment arising therefrom that Lord Dufferin, who had grown very cold in his feelings towards the Congress, was led to make a speech at the St. Andrew's dinner in Calcutta on November 30, in which he spoke in a vague way of the "pretensions of the microscopic minority which composed the Congress," and hinted that it wished to take the reins of government out of the hands of the authorities. At the same time he paid a warm compliment to the ability and fitness of a great many of the Indian people to assist in the government of the Empire. While this speech was the subject of intense and even angry comment in all parts of India, particulars were telegraphed from England of a speech made by the Prime Minister (Lord Salisbury) in London, referring to the President of the Calcutta Congress, who had been a Liberal candidate for a London division, as a "black man." I was in India at the time, and it was universally discredited that Lord Salisbury could possibly have spoken so unadvisedly with his lips, and the truth of the statement was doubted until the mail brought the text of Lord Salisbury's speech, and it was found that the telegraphic announcement was correct. The indignation of the Indian people was widespread and profound.

Meantime, early in the year the report of the Madras session had been reprinted in England, and circulated largely amongst the newspapers, politicians of all parties, and men of influence in various grades of society. Ten thousand copies were first distributed; over 100 leading newspapers devoted large attention to the questions discussed by the Congress, and published leading articles on the movement. Characteristically enough, the Liberal newspapers, with scarcely an exception, approved the movement, while the Conservative papers hinted at dislike, and sometimes roundly abused it. In various ways the question of Indian reform was brought before the attention of the British people, notably by meetings attended by Mr. W. C. Bonnerji, of Calcutta, and Mr. Eardley Norton, of Madras, both leading Indian barristers. During this year also the services of the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., as Parliamentary representative of the Congress and of Indian grievances generally were secured.

The result of the commotion thus caused, both in England and in India, was seen at Allahabad, where the fourth Congress met, and at which I was present throughout. It had been thought that the strong opposition expressed by the Viceroy and Sir Auckland Colvin, with the general current of official opinion running in the same direction, would have the effect of leading many Indian gentlemen to decline to take part in the proceedings. So far from this being the case the session at Allahabad was the most striking success. 1,400 delegates attended. A non-official European resident in Calcutta, Mr. George Yule, a merchant, who had been President of the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce, and Sheriff of the city, presided. His address was a masterly and unanswerable statement of the need which existed in India for enlarging the Council, and of the fitness of the educated people generally for taking a share in the work. I was deeply impressed by the Congress itself, which was marked by much earnestness, by speeches that would have done credit to any representative assembly in any part of the world, and by sobriety of demeanour and argument which to my mind augured well for the use to which a quasi-representative institution would be put when granted. The resolutions passed during the four days' sittings reaffirmed the chief resolutions of previous sessions, condemned the report of the Public Service Commission, in that simultaneous examinations were not provided for, urged reform in the existing police administration, condemned the systems of Abkari and Excise then prevailing, again urged technical education upon the authorities, and recognised the action of friends in England who had endeavoured to secure the total abrogation of the rules relating to the regulation of

prostitution by the State in India. Reuter's telegraphic agency sent copious messages each day of the sitting to England, setting forth in an impartial manner what had been done, and very great anxiety and interest was manifested in England. A descriptive letter which I sent home from Allahabad was published in over forty leading journals. A clear advance was made both in England and in India; the great work which Mr. Bradlaugh had done in Parliament for India adding to the interest which was excited in this country in Indian reforms and grievances generally.

The session of the Congress held in Bombay, in December 1889, marked the high water point to which it is probable this organisation will ever rise. Owing to a variety of causes, notably the fact that Sir William Wedderburn, an ex-Bombay official, was to be the president, and that Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., would be a visitor, between 2,000 and 3,000 delegates were elected, and 1,889 actually attended. The proceedings during the sittings on December 26, 27, 28 were, if anything, of a higher and more statesman-like character than those in preceding sessions; that is to say, a sense of the gravity of the position they were occupying, both with regard to their own countrymen in India and the ruling race in England, appeared to possess the speakers. Towards the end of the proceedings the utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and a speech which Mr. Bradlaugh made to the delegates aroused political patriotic feeling to a degree never before known in India. The resolutions during these meetings differed in no respect from those of preceding sessions, save that a scheme of representation should be framed and sent to Mr. Bradlaugh, who was requested to turn the scheme into a Bill, which he was asked to introduce into the House of Commons. Mr. Bradlaugh acted upon the desires expressed to him, and it is a matter of common knowledge that he introduced the scheme agreed upon by the Congress, but was not able, owing to the pressure of Government business, to obtain a date for the second reading of the Bill. The scheme was based upon electoral colleges, members of which were to elect representatives of the Provincial Council, who, in their turn, were to elect the members of the Supreme Council. While the elective principle of the Bill was widely approved and accepted, the scheme itself was not generally well received either in England or in India, partly arising from the fact that a new principle in method was proposed to be introduced into election for parliamentary or quasi-parliamentary institutions. The Bill, however, served a very useful purpose, illustrating alike to friends and foes the full extent of Congress legislative demands.

During the year several Indian delegates, nominated by the Congress, visited England, addressed a number of largely attended meetings in the chief provincial towns of the United Kingdom, attended a number of smaller meetings, and generally were successful in arousing increased attention and interest on the part of the people of this country.

It had been recognised, splendid as was the success at Bombay, shown by the attendance of nearly 2,000 delegates, that such a body was too large for deliberative purposes; it was therefore agreed upon that in future only 1,000 delegates should be elected, but at the same time arrangements should be made whereby visitors from a distance, and others wishing to share in the advantages arising from attendance at the Congress, could be present.

As for the Congress of 1890, held at Calcutta, nothing need be said here, my letters dealing fully with that. The Congress of 1891 is to be held at Nagpur, the capital of the Central Provinces. That of 1892 is to be held in London, when the picked men of educated India will give a practical illustration to English politicians, and probably to a Liberal Government, of their fitness for the possession of representative institutions.

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co. New-street Square, London, E.C.; and Published by THOMAS HUNT, 2 Northumberland Street, Strand, London, W.C.

00056785

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on 07 January, 2017